The California Catholic

For Faith and Fatherland.

VOL. I . . NO. 11 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SEPTEMBER 29, 1894. Price, five cents

PAPAL INDEPENDENCE.

An International Conference Being Held in France.

LIST OF THE DELEGATES—A MANIFESTO ISSUED.

Territorial Sovereignty Absolutely Essential to the Administration of the Papal Office.

An important conference of Catholic representatives of the countries of Europe was recently held at Liege to consider what action could be taken in reference to the question of the Pope's temporal power. The secretary of the conference was Count Waldbott de Bassenheim, and the following were the representatives present: Great Britain, Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Denbigh, and Lord Herries; Germany, Prussia, and Confederate States, Count F. de Ballestrem, Herr E. Haffner, Baron Felix de Loe, Dr. F. Porsch, Herr Roch de Rochow, and Dr. E. de Steinle; Austria-Hungary, Count de Ledebur-Wicheln, Count A. de Pergen, and Baron M. de Vittinghoff Schell; Belguim, MM. L. Collinet, G. Helleputte, and J. Lammens; Spain, Duc de Aailen, Marquis de Comillas, and Senor Rodriquez de Cepeda; France, MM. Lucien Brun, Ch. Chesnelong, and E. Keller; Italy, Prince Philippe Lancellotti, Count J. Acquadermi, and Count S. Medolago Albani; Luxembourg, MM. Aug. Collart, Prum, and F. Raynaud; Holland, MM. J. de la Court, Dr. Schaepman, and F. Westerwondt; Portugal, Count de Casal Ribeiro, Count de Samodaes, Senator Antonia de Carvalho, and Daune Lorena (Redinha); Switzerland, Baron de Montenach, M. G. Python, and Baron R. De Reding.

The members of the conference agreed upon a manifesto, which was drawn up in French, and of which the following is a translation:

The International Catholic conference deems it a duty to proclaim strongly at the outset that reason, right, and justice, confirmed by experience, demand the restoration of the territorial sovereignty of the Holy See in order that the Pope may be free and independent in the government of the universal Church.

The very nature of the dignity with which our Lord Jesus Christ invested St. Peter and his successors, places the Pope above every earthly power, for he established him as the Supreme Head of the Kingdom which he came to found in this world for the purpose of leading men to their ultimate goal—eternal happiness. This kingdom has no limit, either of space or time. It embraces all the peoples of the world, monarchs as well as their subjects; all are equally subject to the authority of the Pontiff, to whom the Saviour has entrusted the charge of government in the person of Peter; all must proceed to their eternal destiny under his orders and direction.

It is evident that this authority of a superior kind in its end and object, universal in its extent, perpetual in its devotion, is on a higher level than any other, and that he who is invested with it cannot be subject to any head of a State without the order desired by God—from whom emanates all authority—being despised and overthrown. Now, if he who holds this authority ought to be subject to no one, he ought to be supreme, for, in social life, there ought to be no intermediate state between the condition of a subject, and that of a sovereign, and the real sovereignity implies the possession of a territory.

Moreover, the necessity of that sovereignty follows from the character of the mission imposed on the successor of St. Peter. This mission includes the two-fold function of teaching and governing the universal Church. In his doctrinal capacity the Pope must take care to preserve the dignity of the faith, define the truth, proscribe errors, remove doubt, put an end to controversies, maintain in its purity the rule of honorable and Christian mortals, apply to individual, family, and social life the eternal principles of truth and justice, and that throughout all parts of the Catholic world.

In his jurisdictional capacity the Pope must govern the pastors and the faithful; institute, restrict, or enlarge dioceses, create new episcopal sees, send apostles to all points of the globe to extend the kingdom of Jesus Christ, treat with rulers, whether Christian or infidel, conclude concordants, provide for discipline, extirpate abuses, aud take in hand the defense of the rights of the Church, of Bishops, and of the faithful, whenever they are menaced or violated. But who is there who does not see that the exercise of this two-fold function, extending to the most grave and delicate affairs of interest to the faithful, and to governments, may be opposed, hindered, and even rendered nugatory, or suppressed by any civil power to which the Pope would be subject, and which could, at all times, abuse its power and influence.

Unless, then, it may be maintained that our Lord desired to leave the institution which he founded at the mercy of men who are simply members of the Church, or even strangers to it, we must conclude that in constituting the Pope the supreme head of the Church, he conferred on him at the same time the right to exercise the two-fold function freely, without depending on any power which might direct or oppose his action. But this independence cannot have a lasting existence without the territorial sovereignity. Without it the Pope, in the exercise of this prerogative, remains exposed to the interference, pressure, or persecution of the government to which he may be subject. History shows the violent attacks made on the authority of the Roman Pontiffs so long as they did not enjoy the temporal princedom, or when they were for a period despoiled of it.

Wherefore the International Conference renews its full adhesion to the solemn declaration of the Episcopate in 1862: "We recognize that the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See is a necessity, and that it was established by a manifest design of Divine Providence; we do not hesitate to declare that in the present state of human affairs that temporal sovereignty is absolutely required for the good and free government of the Church and the souls. It was assuredly essential that the Roman Pontiff, the head of the entire Church, should be neither the subject, nor even the guest of any prince, but that, seated on his throne in his own dominion and kingdom, he should be master himself, and with a noble, peaceful and kindly liberty should be capable of protecting the Catholic faith, and defending, ruling and governing the whole Christian republic.

This territorial sovereignty of the Holy Father the International Conference claims again in the name of the respect due to the rights of the Catholic conscience.

For the two hundred and fifty million Catholics scattered throughout the world the Pope is the authorized interpreter of the divine laws binding their own conscience; he is the infallible master of the truths which command the adhesion of their intelligence; he is the supreme pastor to whom they owe submission in all that concerns religion and the salvation of their souls. Consequently, the liberty of their consciences is essentially bound with the liberty and independence of the Pope, the divinely-appointed dispenser of the truths they must believe, and the precepts they must observe, and they have an undoubted right to a guarantee that in the exercise of his supreme ministry the Pope acts in the plentitude of his liberty and independence without being subject to the influence or pressure of any power; a guarantee which without the territorial sovereignty cannot be obtained in a manner that is stable and calculated to satisfy conscience.

In the name of the respect due to their conscience, it is then the right and duty of the Catholic faithful to demand the restoration of the temporal power of the Sovereign Pontiff. It is evidently a matter of sacred interest for every Catholic that his faith should be freely explained; that the rules of his conduct, moral and religious, should be freely traced out; that his bishops should be freely nominated, and should communicate freely with the pastor of pastors.

The Conference also drew up a formal declaration in the five following sentences: (1) Justice and right demand the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See; (2) the sovereignty is indispensable to the independence of the Holy See in the government of the Church; (3) The temporal sovereignty of the Pope is the safeguard of the liberty of conscience for Catholics throughout the whole world; (4) the authority of the Holy See, strengthened by his independence, and continually better recognized and heeded by the nations, will contribute in the most efficacious manner to the maintenance of peace, the reconciliation of peoples and social classes, and the progress of civilization; (5) the greatness and dignity of Italy are not threatened, but would rather be assured, by the independence of the Holy See, "a divine institution with which it is bound by special designs of God" (words of Leo XIII).

FATHER CARAHER IN SCOTLAND.

A well-attended meeting of the Home Government branch of the Irish National League took place yesterday in the hall, 8 Watson street. Hugh Murphy presided, and introduced the Rev. T. Caraher, P.P., of San Francisco, who delivered an address entitled, "The Irish Race in America." On the motion of William McKillop, seconded by A. Murphy and supported by J. Maguire, a hearty vote of thanks was awarded to the lecturer, shortly after which the meeting terminated. — *Glasgow Echo, August 27th.*

THE VALUE OF ONE MASS.

Archbishop Walsh of Dublin says: "If all the prayers of loving hearts from the beginning of the world, and all the seraphic worship of the thrones and principalities in heaven, and the burning devotion and love of the Virgin Mother of God, and the million voices of the universe, of all creatures of heaven, and earth, and sea, were offered up in one universal and harmonious act of praise and adoration, they would not equal, or even approach in value and efficacy, the infinite worth of a single Mass."

Here is a sufficient and eloquent paragraph from the *California Catholic's* account of the dedication of a temple of Catholic worship on the Pacific Coast: "Five thousand people, with the cross of their faith on one side, and the flag of their country on the other, witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of the new St. Joseph's church in Alameda by Very Rev. Father Prendergast, V. G., on Sunday afternoon."—*Boston Republic.*

The *California Catholic,* published at San Francisco, is a journal whose early numbers give promise of great things for our friends on the Pacific slope, and, indeed, wherever the excellent paper may find circulation. We earnestly commend it.—*Northwestern Chronicle.*

The entire foreign press unite in pronouncing the resumption of official relations with Russia, and the reestablishment of the Russian legation at the Vatican, a step of great importance and a diplomatic triumph for Leo XIII.

AT MOUNT ANGEL.

Monastery of the Benedictines in Oregon.

LOCATED ON A MOST ENTRANCING SITE.

Brief History of the Famous Order and Their Work on the Pacific Coast—Their College and Surroundings.

Located at the base of a little hill, dignified by the title of "mount," in one of the most fertile parts of the Willamette valley, is the monastery of the Benedictines of Mount Angel. It is about 24 miles south of Portland and 14 miles northeast of Salem. From the summit of the hill, which rises 295 feet higher than the surrounding plain, a magnificient view is had of the Willamette valley, the snow-capped peaks of the mountains to the north of Oregon and Washington, the long chain of the Cascade range to the east, the Coast range to the west and the Waldo hills with St. Mary's peak to the south. Surrounding it are the evidences of indefatigable, physical efforts of the Benedictines, who reclaimed the fertile lands from a forest of fir trees and brushwood. The splendid farm of 1,200 acres, in a high state of cultivation, dotted by the monastery, school and farm buildings, is spread out in a beautiful panorama, in contemplation of which one easily falls into a reverie on the glorious accomplishments of the order of St. Benedictine, from which he is aroused as from a tranquil dream.

The Benedictine monastery of Mount Angel was founded in this way: In the year 1881, Rt. Rev. Abbot Anselm of Mount Angel, Switzerland, sent Father Adelhelm Odermatt, a zealous Benedictine missionary, then laboring among the Irish and German Catholics in the East, into the far West to search for a location suitable for the erection of a monastery. Father Adelhelm traveled through California, Washington and Oregon, and finally decided upon the site of the present monastery at Mount Angel. The Rt. Rev. Archbishop Seghers, who was then in charge of this diocese of the Catholic Church, welcomed into his field the follower of St. Benedict, and gave him the parishes of Gervais, Sublimity and Fillmore. Father Adelhelm took up his residence at Gervais in November, 1881, and the following May left for the motherhouse in Switzerland to present to the abbot his plans. He arrived there the latter part of June, and shortly afterward a chapter waa held, when it was unanimously decided to erect a monastery at Mount Angel, Or.

Father Adelhelm was appointed its first prior, and with twenty-six companions set out for Oregon. They arrived here October 29, 1882, and located temporarily at Gervais, where they made their home until 1884, when the little community moved to Mount Angel. The spot on which the monastery was afterward built was at that time covered with thick timber. The Benedictines were compelled to live in small shanties, which had been erected by the early settlers in this vicinity. Work was at once commenced, and the grounds rapidly cleared of the forest, and preparations made for the foundation of the building to be laid. It was on July 23, 1884, that the new monastery of Mount Angel was completed. Following this, several other buildings were constructed to be used as schoolhouses, pending the erection of a college building. In September, 1887, the first collegiate course was inaugurated, and at the beginning of the year 1888, Archbishop Gross intrusted to the faculty of Mount Angel College, which had been dedicated to St. Joseph, the office of training and educating the candidates for the priesthood of his archdiocese.

Work was commenced on the college building near the close of the year 1888, and it was completed the following spring. The building is 150 feet long and 24 feet wide, three stories in height, with garret and basement. It contains study-rooms, classrooms, play and reading halls, a stage with six sets of scenery, dormitories, infirmary, etc. Water is supplied from a spring, being pumped to a reservoir on the top of the hill, from which the whole college building could be deluged in case of fire.

The instruction of the college embraces four distinct regular courses, and a preparatory department for younger pupils. Each course is conducted by careful, painstaking members of this noted religious-educational order, and graduates receive a complete academic education. The musical department especially is in the charge of highly proficient and talented instructors, and its fame extends far and wide. In the seminary department a complete philosophical and theological course is taught.

The monastry has 10 fathers, 10 clerics and 33 lay brothers. The fathers are occupied principally in the capacity of professors, but most of them give occasional missions in the surrounding districts.

Between the college and the chapel on the summit of Mount Angel are 14 "stations" at regular intervals along the way. Each station is a small frame building containing a Biblical picture carved in stone. The sinner, as he proceeds up the hill to the chapel, kneels at each of these stations and confesses, and prays for forgiveness of his sins. At the end of the journey is the hermitage, where the penitents isolate themselves for a time and do penance. The inscriptions on the stations are titles of the stone-carved pictures, and are:

Jesus falls the first time.

Jesus is made to bear the cross.

Oh, all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow!

Jesus is met by the Blessed Mother.

The cross is laid on Simon of Turene.

Veronica wipes the face of Jesus.

Jesus falls the second time.

Jesus speaks to the women of Jerusalem.

Jesus falls the third time.

Jesus is stripped of his garments.

Jesus is nailed to the cross.

Jesus dies on the cross.

Jesus is taken down from the cross.

Jesus is laid in the tomb.

BENEDICTINES IN THIS COUNTRY.

The first Sons of St. Benedict arrived in the United States in 1846, under the direction of Rev. Boniface Wimmer, who built an abbey near Beatty, Pa., which is now known as the Arch-Abbey of St. Vincent. To this abbey there now belong about 100 priests and 96 lay brothers. The fathers conduct two schools—one for applicants for the priesthood and the other for those wishing to choose any other profession. From this abbey the arch-abbott has sent out six bands of monks—one to Minnesota, where the abbey and university of St. John are located; one to Belmont, N. C.; another to Newark, N. J.; one to Cullman, Ala.; Atchison, Kan., and Chicago, Ill. All of these abbeys belong to the American Casinese congregation of the Benedictine order. Three other abbeys of the Helveto-American congregation are located in Spencer county, Ind., at Conception, Mo., and at Springfield, Ark. The French Benedictines have a monastery in Indian Territory.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ORDER.

The order of Benedictines, the most famous and widely spread of all the orders of monks, was founded at Cassino, in 529, by St. Benedictine. No religious order has been so remarkable for extent, wealth, and men of note as the Benedictines. Among the early branches of the order the Cluniacs, founded in 910 at Clugny, in Burgundy; the Cistercians, founded in 1098 and reformed by St. Bernard in 1116; and the Carthusians, from the Chartreuse, founded by Bruno about 1080.

The historians of the Benedictine order reckon upon its roll of honor no fewer than 55,700 saints. From the cloisters of St. Benedict there have gone forth 4,600 bishops, 1,600 archbishops, 200 cardinals, 51 patriarchs, and 46 popes, so that the government of the Catholic Church was in the hands of popes coming from the Benedictines for more than 500 years.

The order was carried into France by Maurus. The fraternity of St. Maur, in 1618, had, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, 180 abbeys and priories in France, and acquired, by means of its learned members, such as Mabillon, Montfaucon, and Martene, much merited distinction. They published the celebrated chronological work "L'Art de Verifer les Dates," and edited many ancient authors.

The rule of the Benedictines was introduced into England by Pope Gregory the Great, who sent Augustin, prior of the monastery of St. Andrews in Rome, with forty monks to evangelize the country, about 600. The savage Saxons, Jutes, and Angles soon became converted, and in the seventh and eighth centuries over thirty English kings and queens sought rest in the Benedictine cloisters. Abbeys soon covered the island, among them being the great abbey of Westminster, which is the pride of England to-day. The city and renowned University of Oxford are the offspring of a Benedictine monastery.

St. Benedict, the founder of the great order which takes its name from his own, was born in 480, in Nursan, a town in southern Italy. At the age of seven years, under the care of his nurse, he was sent to school at Rome where he remained six years. When scarcely fourteen years of age he left the school at Rome, and went into the mountainous district of Subiaco, a distance of about forty miles from Rome. He was met by a hermit named Romanus, who gave him a religious habit, and and for fifteen years he remained in seclusion. His sanctity attracted thousands around him, who came to receive direction and guidance from him, and during nineteen years he had to construct in the hills surrounding his cavern twelve monasteries.

In the year 529 he left Subiaco, and traveling in a southerly direction about fifty miles came upon the ruins of an old Roman fort on the side of Mt. Cassino. Here he located, and here it was the order of Benedictines was founded. The monastery built at Mt. Cassino soon became a center of piety, of virtue, and of learning for the whole world. Saint Benedict spent the last thirteen years of his life here, and died March 21, 543.

LEAGUE OF THE CROSS.

A highly successful benefit entertainment in behalf of Company E, League of the Cross Cadets, was given Thursday evening at Mission Parlor Hall on Seventeenth street, near Valencia. The hall was crowded with an appreciative audience, which did not begin to retire until the last number on the lengthy program had been rendered. Besides a variety of literary and musical numbers, the program called for addresses from several prominent Catholics. Colonel W. C. Mahony reviewed the history of the organization, and Rev. P. C. York delivered a stirring speech, in which he showed the benefits accruing to the young men who formed the organization. The entertainment was concluded by a drill by the members of Company E.

Santa Clara Valley.

[Written for the *California Catholic*.]

Come, come, to the Valley,
Where the sun ever shines,
And the tea-roses bloom,
'Mid the sweet, creeping vines;
Where ozone-like magic,
Flings health on the air,
And the last setting ray of
The Sun lingers there.

The pure breath of heaven,
So soft and so calm,
'Tis the essence of freedom,
That floats as a balm;
From star-gazing mountains,
The clear, placid bay,
And breathes on that valley,
Round sweet San Jose.

Oh, come to the valley,
So famed for its health,
Its vines and its peaches,
And millions of wealth;
Its glens and its mountains,
And springs in repose;
And its daughters as fair
As the tints of the rose.

Oh, who would not dwell in
That perfum'd retreat,
'Mid coyest of roses
And fragrance so sweet,
Where the beauties of nature
Give blush to the skies,
And the spirit of freedom
In man never dies.

J. B. QUINLAN.

The Brook.

[Written for the *California Catholic*.]

Flow on, flow on, thou limpid brook,
Unheard in song or story,
More dear than precious chart or book,
Or legend crowned with glory.

Full oft I've heard thy cadenced song,
Like richest music falling,
Resound the mountain-side along,
Or through the valley calling.

Upon thy flower-embedded bank,
The stars watched me reclining,
The sweetest songs I eager drank,
Whilst thy o'erhead were shining.

A teacher, thou to me hast been,
Dear brook, and I will love thee,
Thou ever to my soul brought in
Sweet thoughts of God above me.

Then flow and sing thy dulcet notes,
Care not for song or story,
Thy rythmic hymn to heaven floats,
And there 'tis crowned in glory.

LOS ANGELES, Cal. JOSEPH NOONAN.

CHARLES A. GARTER.

Among the many good appointments made by President Harrison none have resulted in more direct good to California than that of Charles A. Garter to the responsible office of United States District Attorney. Bringing to the duties a thorough education and large, practical experience, united with indefatigable energy and wise independence of spirit, he has, in the few years he has been in office, accomplished wonders in the way of systematizing and dispatching the burdensome work of his office.

Mr. Garter came to this Coast when very young, in 1856, and, having spent the time since then in this State, has with pride been adopted as a son by California. His father, the Hon. E. Garter, was an Argonaut, and a man highly esteemed. Charles Garter was educated at Harvard College, the University of California, and the Albany Law University. At one time he was associated with General N. P. Chipman at Red Bluff, and during the ten years he practiced there worked up a large practice. Upon receiving his appointment, Mr. Garter gave up his large private practice, and has since assiduously devoted himself to the duties of his honorable and onerous position.

On taking hold of his office he made a number of changes which have greatly benefitted the service, and his labors have always received commendation from special agents and others interested in the trial of cases. In handling the immense amount of Chinese business which passed through his office, Mr. Garter has been singularly fortunate in securing the return of undesirable characters. In many notable cases Mr. Garter has most successfully conducted the prosecution. In the Theilman case, in numerous counterfeiting cases, in the case of Abe Jones for robbing the United States mails, the St. Clair, Sparf and Hansen cases for murder on the high seas, the condemnation of the city cemetery for fortification purposes, the Liebes' tobacco cases, and many others might be cited in which the case of the Government was most successfully handled. These are only incidents of the efficient work done by Mr. Garter; and it is further emphasized by the fact that Mr. Garter has been opposed by the most eminent and distinguished counsel in the State.

THE NATIONAL GUARD AT SACRAMENTO.

During the past couple of weeks a court of inquiry has been in session in this city, composed of some of the highest officers in the State Militia, appointed by Governor Markham to inquire into the actions of the National Guard at Sacramento, during the strike in the month of July. Major General Dimond issued an exhaustive report, in which he impartially reviewed the part taken by the National Guard at that time. In the language of a soldier, he tells with military brevity of expression, all that occurred during those days. An immense number of facts are included in it, and that makes the report rather lengthy. Many events occurred every day in Sacramento and these are treated of clearly and succinctly. By a straightforward way of putting things, Gen. Dimond has done the National Guard a great service, by placing them in a far better light before the people.

In this respect, the length of the report is its great commendation for much has been said and written by those who are supposed to know, but did not, of what happened during those memorable days in Sacramento. The greatest interest centers in the report about the alleged failure of the soldiers to clear the depot at Sacramento. Had the order been given at any time to clear the depot at Sacramento, it could have been done. But it would have been made a great slaughter-house of men, woman and children. It is difficult to tell where the matter might have ended. But that it was not cleared by force is justly regarded as a benificent occurrence, now that the report of Gen. Dimond is at hand.

The work of the court of inquiry now in session in the city is made comparatively easy by the report of Gen. Dimond. When its labors are completed and the result promulgated, we look for an emphatic endorsement, not alone of the position assumed by Gen. Dimond, but a complete vindication of the charges against the National Guard. Furthermore, the responsibility for some of the blunders committed will be placed upon the proper shoulders, and all talk may then well cease, as directed against the bravery and fidelity of the National Guard.

THE BIBLE OF ST. ANTHONY.

An illuminated mss. Bible, once belonging the great St. Anthony of Padua, enriched tenfold to Catholics by reason of the marginal notes in his handwriting, is now for sale by private contract. Those who wish to see it with a view to purchase should communicate at once with Signor Carlo Malagola, Director of State Archives, Bologna. This precious document, which we earnestly hope will be bought by Catholics, and not permitted to fall into the hands of heretics, was presented by the saint to the Corbici family of Castrocato, to commemorate a vision with which he was favored while staying with them. The miniatures which adorn it are in perfect preservation, and are of great value. The mss. is written on the softest vellum, and is an example of the fienst caligraphy. Mr. Edgecumbe, who communicates this information to the London Athenæum, believes there is not the smallest doubt as to its authenticity, and remarks that the records of the mss. are easily accessible.

THE POPE'S SARCOPHAGUS.

The calm, humble way in which the Pope looks to the ending of his life is beautifully shown in his poem printed in a late issue. To this may be added the preparation under the eye of his Holiness of his sarcophagus. The Holy Father has given orders to have his tomb constructed, writes the Paris correspondent of the *Catholic Times* of Philadelphia. Signor Marasai, to whom the work has been confided, is perhaps the most distinguished sculptor, not only of Rome, but of all Italy. The monument will be in white Carrara marble, and on the lid will be a lion with one claw on the tiara. On the right will be a statue representing Faith, holding a flaming torch in one hand, and the Holy Scriptures in the other. A companion statue on the left will represent Truth, holding in one hand the Papal escutcheon. Carved in front of the tomb, in large black letters, will be the following inscription: "Hic Leo XIII, P. H. Pulvis. est."

HONEST GOODS AND LOW PRICES.

An uninterrupted career of over thirty years of honest dealing has firmly intrenched Sbarboro and Company in the foremost position among the grocery houses of this city. At their old stand on Washington street the business has been conducted in a manner that has won for them a legion of friends. In every part of the State the name of Sbarboro and Company is the synonym for low prices and honest goods. A number of prices are quoted in their advertisement in another column. If you don't see there what you need, write to them for a monthly price list. It will repay you.

OPPORTUNE ADVICE,

The *Hebrew Journal* of New York recognizes the evil the A. P. A. is capable of. It said in a recent issue: "Everywhere throughout the country decent people with a sense of patriotism will have to be alert to exercise their political prerogatives so as to crush the growing power of the American Protective Association. Whatever other ills we may have, let us not tolerate the fastening upon us of that monstrous evil—religious feuds in politics. There should be but one watchword: Death to the A. P. A."

SELECTIONS

FACTS ABOUT SODA WATER.

No Soda Is Used In Its Manufacture According to Present Methods.

Many years ago a Frenchman conceived the idea of manufacturing a carbonated water by mixing a solution of tartaric acid with carbonate of soda. The proportions used were 35 grains of acid and 40 grains of the soda dissolved in a wineglass of water. This was the original soda water.

The public knows in a general way that marble dust is sometimes used in making soda water, and the question is sometimes asked, "Isn't marble dust injurious to the system?" As a matter of fact, there is no marble dust, or, to use the technical term, carbonate of lime, in soda water. The part played by marble dust in the process of manufacturing soda water is simply to supply the carbonic acid gas with which the water is charged. The same gas generated in a different manner gives froth to beer, lightens bread and makes the bubbles in buckwheat cakes. This gas can be obtained from carbonate of soda, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of lime or from any other carbonate by treating it with an acid. Sulphuric acid is generally used. The powdered carbonate of lime or marble dust, as it is popularly called, was until quite recently used almost exclusively for this purpose because it is very cheap.

To understand how the two chemicals —sulphuric acid and carbonate of lime —act when brought together the reader may call to mind the mixing of a seidlitz powder. The tartaric acid in the white paper, when in solution, unites with the carbonate of soda in the blue paper. Effervescence at once takes place, carbonic acid gas being liberated and tartrate of soda being formed. Although nature furnishes an unlimited quantity of carbonates, almost any other acid, strange to say, will drive out the carbonic acid and usurp its place. This is seen in the mixing of a seidlitz powder.

Now, this is exactly what takes place in the manufacture of soda water, except that the gas, instead of being permitted to escape, is confineed to the generator. The generator is simply an apparatus in which the acid and the carbonate can be mixed conveniently. From the generator the gas is conveyed to one of the portable steel foundations, the appearance of which is familiar to the public. The fountain is about three-quarters full of water. After a quantity of gas has entered the fountain it is well agitated. It is usual now to place it on a cradle or rocker, and either by hand or steam power to rock it for some time, generally about half an hour, in order to mix thoroughly the gas with the water. When this is done, the fountain is again connected with the generator, more acid is allowed to reach the carbonate, more gas is formed, and the same process is continued until the pressure on the fountain shows 150 pounds to the square inch. The fountain is then set aside, and another is put on in its place, and the process goes on until the supply of gas in the carbonate has all been extracted. The refuse is thrown away, and a fresh supply of carbonate is placed in the generator. The refuse is sulphate of lime. The sulphuric acid has united with the lime, and the carbonic acid gas has been liberated.

As has been said, marble dust has been used in preference to any other carbonate in the manufacture of soda water because it is the cheapest. Quite recently at least one firm in New York substituted carbonate of magnesia. This is a little more expensive. On the other hand, the decarbonized magnesia, instead of being thrown away like the sulphate of lime, can be utilized. It is pumped or drawn up to a higher apartment, where it is strained and filtered to exclude all impurities and tested. It is then placed in large evaporating pans and allowed to crystallize. The product is sulphate of magnesia, better known as epsom salts.

The soda water business is exceedingly lucrative. The cost of manufacture is from 1 to 2 cents per gallon, and the product is sold for 10 cents. Sirups cost from 20 to 30 cents a gallon and are sold from 45 to 75 cents. There are generally about 64 glasses to the gallon, and soda water is sold for 5 or 10 cents a glass. Other artificial mineral waters are sold for about 35 cents per gallon.—New York Sun.

Florida Mosquito Guards.

"You can talk about mosquitoes as much as you please," said C. P. Burdick, "but the largest, fiercest and most numerous in the United States can be seen and felt in the northern portion of Florida about Baldwin. It is the only place I ever saw men wear 'mosquito guards,' but there they are a necessity to those who work in exposed places. A sort of trap or coop is made, fitting around the neck and extending above the head. Around this is fastened as fine a mosquito bar as can be procured. Of course there is very little weight attached to it, and while at first it bothers the eyes yet it does not take a great while to get used to it. I wore one for a week there, and if I should return I certainly would not be without the protection of a 'mosquito guard.' "—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Drifted Six Hundred and Sixty Miles.

Captain W. Schlemick of the oil tank steamer Standard has informed the hydrographic office that he picked up July 13 in Colough bay, County Cork, Ireland, a "bottle paper" which had been thrown overboard Feb. 11 last in latitude 48 degrees 50 minutes, longitude 23 degrees 30 minutes. It was in a bottle sent out by the hydrographic office for the purpose of experimenting with ocean currents and had traveled 660 miles in 152 days.—Baltimore Sun.

St. Mathias' Catholic church at Neosho was totally destroyed by fire, together with all its furniture and belongings, last week.

MRS. CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

A Woman Who Is Making a Brilliant and Successful Preacher.

Celia Parker Woolley published her first novel, "Love and Theology," in 1887. It was a clever, resolutely radical little story, and the critics at once classed it with the "African Farm," "John Ward" and the renowned "Robert." Its author, however, has since then gone far ahead of Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Ward and even Olive Schreiner in the demonstration of her religious convictions. With "love" she had been tolerably conversant since her marriage in 1868, and by way of proving her familiarity with "theology" she accepted the pastorate of a church in Geneva, Ills. Up to that time Mrs. Woolley had had no intention of entering the ministry, although always attracted to the pulpit and its opportunities. Her career as a minister has been, however, eminently successful. She has aroused a fresh and widespread religious interest throughout not only her immediate community, but in Chicago itself, an hour's railway ride distant, many persons going out from that city every Sunday to attend service in Geneva. Mrs. Woolley's sermons during this as yet brief pastorate have had a wide range, dealing with the most vital and pressing problems of our day, as may be judged by the following topics, taken at random from her past year's calendar: "Industrial Armies Versus Industrial Citizenship," "Compensation," "Loved of Country," "A Story of Isben's Brand," and "Pilate's Question, 'What Is Truth?'" It is interesting to also note that of the three trustees of her church two, Mrs. Julia Plato Harvey and Mrs. Julia C. Blackman, are women. Mrs. Harvey is also well known to the world at large as the former first vice president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Woolley is by birth an Ohioan, although removing to Coldwater, Mich., at an early age. With the exception of a few years spent at the Lake Erie seminary—one of the Mary Lyons schools —at Painesville O., she was educated entirely in the town of her adoption. She was graduated from the Coldwater seminary in 1866 and two years later was married to Dr. J. H. Woolley. In 1876 they removed to Chicago, where she busied herself with contributions in prose and verse to journals both east and west. She was the Chicago correspondent of The Christian Register of Boston for eight years, and in 1890 became assistant editor of the Chicago Unity, holding the latter position for nearly three years. Her first essay in fiction was a short story published in Lippincott, which periodical has published much other of her work. The title of "Love and Theology" has, in later editions, been changed to "Rachel Armstrong," while two other novels from her pen have also appeared, "A Girl Graduate" and "Roger Hunt."

Mrs. Woolley has been and is a conspicuous member of that conspicuous organization, the Chicago Woman's club. For two years she was its president, and she is the present leader of its "Browning classes," her long experience as thinker and lecturer amply qualifying her for such responsibility. Within the past few weeks the club has appointed a committee of 25 to organize a "political equality league," Mrs. Woolley serving as chairman. As a lecturer and parlor reader she is perhaps better known in the west than in the east, although she is always sure to win appreciation, whatever the locality. During a recent visit to Boston she was the honored guest of those two formidable societies, the Browning club and the New England Woman's club. Like her books, her "talks" are a mixture of literary interests with social problems, Voltaire, Ibsen, Margaret Fuller, George Eliot, Shakespeare and Tennyson each finding place in her programme. Mrs. Woolley was deeply interested in the world's parliament of religions, which distinguished body she had the honor to address upon "The World's Religious Debt to America." Altogether it is not as the brilliant novelist that she is to be regarded, but as the earnest and sincere thinker, eager to receive the truth, strong in the courage of her convictions and successful in a field where but few women have earned distinction.—New York Times.

To Keep Muslins Crisp.

To keep muslin dresses looking fresh they should not be allowed to hang in closets with woolen dresses or where the door is opened frequently. A dress that is kept in a wardrobe divan retains its sparkling crisp look long after one that is left hanging in a much used closet. If you have no wardrobe divan, lay the skirt in a bureau drawer and fold the skirt over the top—not at the bottom. Then put the waist in a dress box, with all the ribbons and accessories. If bureau drawers are scarce, there is still another plan. Buy half a dozen of the long dress boxes that dry goods stores use to hold ready made gowns when sent home. Put the skirt and waist into one of these. These boxes can be piled under the bed or lounge, and so kept out of sight. Even the dampness that enters a room through an open window is sufficient to take the crispness out of muslins and organdies, and they never look as well afterward.

The Latest Fad.

The latest fashionable freak among women who are blessed with pretty hands is to wear an immense ring, like a Roman Catholic bishop's, on the first finger of the right hand. It used to be considered the height of vulgarity to place a ring on the index finger, but now this decoration is the dernier cri. The ring must be a superb one and must not partake of the slender and graceful daintiness of the "marquise" circle. It must be solid, big and respectably ecclesiastic in its appearance. The feminine mind, always desirous of presenting contrasted effects to poor humanity, sees the delicately sarcastic anomaly of a little, white, frivolous looking hand wearing a big, aggressively solid sort of ring.—New York Dispatch.

The bequest of the late Rev. Father O'Haran to the diocese of Scranton, Pa., of $55,000, has been decided by the courts to be valid.

THE PUZZLER

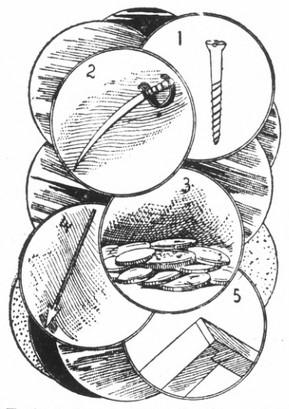
No. 232.—Charade.

My FIRST is where we buy or sell
Or where we work perform.
Sometimes the shutting of it up
Creates a great alarm.

My NEXT the bullet gayly sings
As through the air it flies,
Unconscious that the one it hits
Is wounded sore or dies.

The men all say that in the WHOLE
The ladies take delight,
And we'll confess that in the main
Perhaps the men are right.

No. 233.—Pictured Diagonal.



Each of the objects in the above picture may be described by a word of five letters. When rightly guessed and the words placed one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left hand letter) will spell a long winged bird.—St. Nicholas.

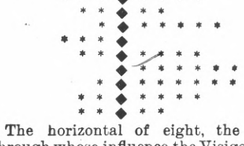
No. 234.—Word Squares.

Square the name of a town in England in which there is a celebrated school with a vocal sound, a word meaning at one time, and another word for necessity.

Square a title of high rank with a mountain in Russia, a kind of cabbage and a woman's name.

Square a thought with a term of affection, one of the points of the compass and some very valuable and important branches of knowledge.

No. 235.—Acrostic of Famous Women.



The horizontal of eight, the woman through whose influence the Visigoths were induced to become nominally Christians. The second, of five, a woman whose beauty caused a bloody war. The third, of seven, a queen famed for her beauty and courage, who was brought in chains to Rome. The fourth, of four, a princess of Tyre who founded a great city in Africa. The fifth, of seven, a beautiful Alexandrian teacher of philosophy who was stoned to death. The sixth, of seven, a woman noted for beauty, learning and eloquence, the friend of Socrates and loved by Pericles. The seventh, of eight, a beautiful Athenian, afterward "empress of the west." The eighth, of seven, a poetess to whom the Greeks gave the name of "The Lyric Muse." The ninth, of five, the woman who is said to have instigated the burning of Persepolis. The vertical, the name of a celebrated queen who lived in the first century, B. C.

No. 236.—Behead and Curtail.

1. Behead a rough drawing, and you have a kind of ship. Behead again, and you have a way to make prints.

2. Curtail to long for, and you have a period of time. Curtail again, and you have your answer. Curtail again, and you have a pronoun.

No. 237.—Hidden Lakes.

1. Will a dog and a cat be sufficient company for you?

2. Let us have one game of checkers at least.

3. That will make Gene vain.

4. She is reading "Ben-Hur" on the piazza.

5. If ever I enter her house again, it will be because I cannot help it.

Wise and Otherwise.

Although manufacturers of spoons do not enjoy a very high rank as writers, the majority of them have produced a great many stirring articles.

It is thyme that makes the old man sage.

Geologists say the cradle of the deep has nothing to do with making the bed rock.

You can always find out how much a man is worth when he dies by looking at his will. It is a dead give away.

While some things find it difficult to get along, the measuring stick does pretty well as a rule.

"There's a time to work and a time to play," but to the hand organ grinder both times come at once.

Visiting a church fair is like going into the highways and buy ways.

The mariner who scours the seas in all sorts of weather needs a great deal of sand.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 225.—Rhymes In Blank: 1. Waver, aver. Slender, lender. Beat, eat. Lend, end. Brain, rain. Alive, live. Lout, out. Bill, ill. Call, all. Fable, able. Swell, well.

No. 226.—Charade: Mid-ship-mite.

No. 227.—Poetical Pi:

In shining blue the aster wild
Unfolds her petals fair;
The clematis, upreaching, seeks
To clasp and kiss the air;
The brilliant poppy flaunts her head
Amidst the ripening grain
And adds her voice to swell the song
That August's here again.

No. 228.—Modernized Proverbs: 1. Man proposes, but he is not always accepted. 2. Truth crushed to earth will rise again; eggs won't.

No. 229.—The Heart Puzzle: First slide the heart A along the twine, through the loop B, until it reaches the back of the central hole in the board. Then pull the loop B from behind through the hole, and a double loop will be found at back. Pass the heart through this double loop, draw the twine through the central hole, till it is in the same position as it was at first, and the heart A may then be readily passed to its companion. There is a variety of puzzles of this kind. The general key to all of them is to pass a loop through one of the holes.

No. 230.—Curious Compounds: 1. Hyacinth. 2. Menagerie. 3. Sacramento.

No. 231.—Decapitations: S-printer. M-adder. C-lever. P-lea. A-stern. P-astel.

In France, there are about 300 Catholic workingmen's clubs. Delegates recently held a Congress in Paris. Count de Mun was President.

AGENTS WANTED

BRIGHT, ENERGETIC,

Active Agents can make a good living by canvassing for

THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC

Boys and girls after school hours can earn plenty of spending money by inducing their friends to become subscribers to

THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC

Members of Catholic Societies can increase the interest of other members in the special work of each one by securing subscribers in their several bodies for

THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC

Sample copies sent free to any address on receipt of a postal card.

Write for them and for terms, visit your friends, and see how quickly they will subscribe after reading a number.

A liberal commission will be paid to all undertaking the work. The subscription price, $1.50 per year, places it in the reach of all.

Send 25 cents in coin or postage stamps, and you can secure the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC for two months. Less than 3 cents a number. Who can afford to do without a Catholic newspaper at the price?

WRITE AT ONCE TO

THE California Catholic

321 MONTGOMERY ST

San Francisco

Henry M. McGill

Notary Public & Attorney - at - Law

630 MARKET STREET.

Opp. Palace Hotel . San Francisco

Telephone 612.

THE SLANG OF LONDON

ITS RHYMING FEATURE, WHICH IS PECULIAR TO ENGLAND.

Say "Daisies" For Boots, and You Will Have Made a Good Start, but That Is Not All of It by Any Means—A Dissertation on an Unknown Science.

By way of introducing the subject let me premise that there is a certain school of thinkers—dwellers for the most part in very unfashionable districts of London—who hold that a policeman in plain clothes, dress he ever so plainly, may always be known as such by a cursory inspection of his boots. Whether this opinion is well founded I know not, but its existence, and also the existence of rhyming slang, was brought to my notice not long ago in Oxford street—not the Oxford street of west enders and De Quincey, but Oxford street "out Stepney way." I happened to be rather stoutly shod, and I wear spectacles, which are, I suppose, often assumed for the purpose of disguise, and as I passed by a group of ill favored loiterers at a street corner I distinctly heard one of them remark to another: "'Ere's a tec. D'yer dick 'is goggles and 'is blanky daisies?"

I walked quickly away, but the words remained in my mind. The opinion they conveyed, except as affording proof that the speaker belonged to the school of thinkers above alluded to, did not interest me so much as the words themselves. "Tec" is of course merely an abbreviation for "detective." Much might be written about "dick." It is pure Romany, connected, as every student of that attractive language knows, with the Sanskrit "drish" and the Hindoostanee "dekhno," meaning "to see." But "daisies"—being the slang term and, as I shall show, the rhyming slang term for "boots"—is a good specimen of a most singular perversion of the English language, which is well worth the attention of any one who cares about linguistic oddities.

Rhyming slang is peculiar to England and, I believe, to London. The French language, so rich in slang, does not admit of such treatment. It is of modern origin, and I doubt if any trace of it is to be found in the records, which are fairly plentiful, of the slang of last century. Nor do I recollect any instance of its appearance in the works of Dickens, Harrison Ainsworth or Bulwer Lytton.

Rhyming slang expressions may be divided into two classes—the simple and the complex. The simple method consists in substituting for a word some other word or phrase which rhymes with it. Not that every one is free to choose his own rhymes. Usage has established certain rhyming slang equivalents for certain words, and, although no doubt new rhymes are always being introduced on trial, yet when one has become recognized as belonging to the dialect it can never be dislodged. For instance, the rhyming slang for "a pocket" is "skyrocket," and neither "locket" nor "socket" would be tolerated. The eyes are "mince pies;" the ear and the nose are, oddly enough, the "frosty and clear" and the "I suppose." How, when and why these particular rhymes were universally adopted will never be known. As Professor Dowden remarks in connection with a very different subject, "To the eyes of no diver amid the wrecks of time will that curious talisman gleam." Who was "Charlie Prescott," whose name is immortalized as a synonym for "waistcoat?" And why should coat and trousers be concealed under such circumstances as "I'm afloat" and "round the 'ouses?"

Other examples of what I have called the simple form of rhyming slang are "cat and mouse" (house), "elephant's trunk" (drunk), "bull and cow" (row), and "I'm so frisky" (whisky). But if I am asked how "daisies" can be the rhyming slang for "boots" I answer that we have here an example of the second or complex form of the jargon, which finds its highest development in the mouths of experts. Having got your rhyme—say, "skyrocket" for "pocket"—you are permitted, within certain ill defined limits, to make your slang equivalent shorter and more occult by omitting the rhyming portion. Thus "pocket" becomes "sky" and "daisy roots," the simple or first standard form for "boots," is contracted into "daisies." In the same way no master of the language would ever give brandy or gin their primitive names, "Jack the dandy" or "Brian O'Lynn." The one is always referred to as "Jack," the other as "Brian." It will be seen that words treated in this way must have a tendency, in constant use, to lose sight, as it were, of their original forms and to become merged in the great mass of ordinary prosaic slang. For instance, in act 1, scene 1, of "The Cotton King" some one says that somebody has "a streak of black across the chivvy." An Adelphi audience knows, of course, that "chivvy" means "face," but the earlier form of the word, "chevy chase," being now rarely if ever used, the rhyming original is probably known to few playgoers, and the word "chivvy" is thus in danger of being left with no more poetry about it than is attached to such terms as "conk" or "boko," the ordinary slang for nose.

We hear a great deal about the way in which slang has invaded our conversation and our literature; but, in spite of the recent popularization of the coster, I doubt if much rhyming slang is heard in west end drawing rooms. And I have only come across one example of its employment, except occasionally in a music hall song, in what might be called a literary form. There is a poem which begins thus, and readers who have followed me so far will find no difficulty in translating it:

I was sitting one night at the Anna Maria,
Warming my plates of meat,
When there came a knock at the Rory O'Moore
Which made my raspberry beat.

This opening makes one wish for more, but I am sorry to say that I can only recollect the first stanza.—Pall Mall Budget.

The obsequies of the late Rev. John J. Maguire took place at Providence, R. I., on last Saturday. The eulogy was delivered by Rev. M. J. Cooke.

GODS MADE TO ORDER.

The Chinese Variety Are of Both Sexes and All Sizes and Prices.

Chinese josses come from Amoy and Canton, where there are joss factories which supply Celestials with any shape, design or size desired. Josses are either male or female. If the former, they are fat and ungainly; if the latter, they are possessed of four arms.

The making of these images is simplicity itself, the manufacturers relying upon wooden or metal molds. These are filled with wet clay, which dries, is then touched up, dipped in molten glaze and allowed to cool. An average workman can make a hundred gods in a day. The clay used is kaolin and is shaded from red and gray to white and costs about a cent a pound. A good jossmaker can earn from 20 to 40 cents a day, while an image costs to make on an average about 3 cents. Natives pay 5 cents for them; foreigners, $5. Josses can be made in all colors, opaque, transparent or colorless. The most effective work is made by painting the clay with thick white paint and then dipping it in the glaze. Chinese curio dealers are very fond of antique josses, as they can be planted and dug up to order from the time of Confucius to the present day. The most popular is the "black joss." This is made by painting a kaolin cast with paint made of tar, bitumen, shellac or varnish, wrapping it in paper and then firing it in a furnace. In this way any shade of black can be obtained, and the color burns through, as can be proved by breaking.

The josses carved from wood and covered with gaudy colors are often very ancient. The prices vary from a few cents to $500 or more, according to the size, workmanship and amount of decorations. They range in size from an inch to 10 or 12 feet. In the larger sizes the carving is of a superior quality and the coloring admirable. Josses carved out of stone are rare and expensive. Those made of jade, pale green or light blue, fetch marvelous prices, while white, yellow or brown are almost as expensive. One of these, belonging to Lin, the ex-governor of Formosa, is about 8 inches high and is valued at $10,000. It is said to be 1,500 years old. In Fuchan they make josses out of stealite and selinite of various colors. The stone is so soft that the manufacturer, by rubbing the newly made images with sand, can produce a most deceptive antique appearance.—New York World.

Pledged to Suicide.

"There are five men in Deadwood who once belonged to the same suicide club," said T. R. Wortham. "They constituted the entire membership and don't often speak of it. A solemn compact was made that they should hold monthly meetings, at each one of which the members drew balls, one being black and its holder being obligated by oath to kill himself before the next meeting, the last one to hold a solitary dinner and destroy himself. The meetings, with the exception of the last one, were held, and in each case the victim disappeared, first settling up all of his affairs and leaving a farewell letter to his associates. No bodies were found, however. One day, on the principal street of Deadwood, a crowd collected, and in it were all five of the supposed suicides. They had all gone west and drifted to Deadwood. The story got out some way, and their lives were made miserable by it for a time, but they have succeeded in quieting it down, and are all doing well."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Goldenrod's Peculiarity.

Probably a great many people who travel have failed to notice that the period of blooming of the goldenrod does not begin first in the south and move northward, but apparently in the other direction—from north to south. In some places in northern Vermont and New Hampshire goldenrod of the common field and railroad track variety is in profuse bloom as early as the 10th of July. On the Kennebec river the other day a traveler noted that the goldenrod was much more golden and less tinged with green than it is in Malden or Cambridge, Mass. And the place where the plant is latest of all in yellowing apparently is Cape Cod, where the dwarf seaside variety, most common there, hardly begins to do itself justice before September. It is possible that the northern goldenrod ripens before that farther south for the same reason that Indian corn ripens earlier in Vermont than it does in Virginia—it has got to ripen earlier if it is going to ripen at all.—Lewiston Journal.

An Improvement In Electric Bells.

One of the most objectionable qualities of the electric bell is its uniform noisiness and shrillness. There are many places in which an alarm of a less aggressive and peremptory nature is desirable, and it is surprising that a "quiet" electric bell has not been manufactured for use in offices, hotels or private houses. The bell can be adjusted to make as much or as little noise as may be needed. Its principal feature is that it can be used either as a slow striking bell, a single stroke bell or as an ordinary trembling bell, according to the way it is connected on.—Philadelphia Press.

Remarkable Vision.

An old woman who had been in the infirmary with sore eyes told a neighbor that the doctor took out her eyes and scraped them with lances. "Nonsense, woman," replied the other. "Ye shouldn't believe all ye hear. The doctors would only be stuffing ye." "Oh, but ye know it's no use saying that, for I awakened up out of the chloroform and saw both of my eyes lying on the table."—Montreal Star.

Leuenhoek says that 4,000,000 webs, spun by young spiders when they first begin to use the spinneret, are not, if twisted together, as great in diameter as a hair from a human head.

Black gold is a natural alloy of gold and bismuth.

A five-story structure, costing $150,000, to be used as a home for the aged, under the charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor, has been started in Chicago.

HATCHED IN A SNAKE.

A Tough Yarn of How a Serpent Acted as an Ostrich Incubator.

Five years ago, living in west Leavenworth, was a German of the name of Cheesmeyer who was very much interested in various methods of incubation. The thought occurred to him one day that eggs properly handled could be hatched in the sun, and desiring to thoroughly test his idea he wrote to his brother, living in southern California, to express to him post haste three ostrich eggs. The eggs arrived in due time, were carefully arranged on a sheepskin mat and placed in the sun. It was necessary, of course, to remove the eggs every night to some warm spot in the stable in order to maintain the high temperature to which they were subjected by the sun during the day.

This process had been continued for some time, when one day a circus arrived in town and pitched its tents on what is called the old Goosetown hill, a little south and to the west of the house of Mr. Cheesmeyer. The good people of Leavenworth were very much frightened by reading in the morning papers the day following an article to the effect that one of the attaches of the circus, in feeding the snakes after the evening's performance, very carelessly left the cage door open and that the largest boa constrictor had escaped in the darkness. People residing in the vicinity of the circus grounds were naturally much exercised for some days over the escape of the snake, but the excitement gradually abated.

On the morning the story of the escaped snake appeared in the local papers Mr. Cheesmeyer went as usual to the barn for the eggs, with the intention of again putting them in the sun. To his great surprise, no eggs were to be seen, but in their place lay the head of a strange looking animal, appearing to be 26 or 27 feet in length. Mr. Cheesmeyer was a courageous man and resolved at once to capture the strange appearing creature. After several attempts he succeeded in throwing a rope over its head, which was no other than the escaped boa constrictor.

Its long captivity had made it quite docile, and Mr. Cheesmeyer experienced but little difficulty in replacing after a few hours the rope with a chain. To one end of the chain was attached an iron band, which was fastened around the body of the snake to serve as a collar, while the other end of the chain was fastened to a stake driven deep in the ground in the center of the yard. In this manner the snake was kept and governed with little difficulty. So engrossed did the German become in his curiosity that all thoughts of incubators and the missing ostrich eggs entirely escaped him. The snake was fed regularly three times a day and soon manifested a knowledge of the approach of mealtime. In an incredibly short time it had learned to rear up and catch on the fly food thrown to it by its master. Just 10 days from the time of capture, as the evening meal was being served to the reptile, a large bone was among the other food tossed to it.

As it opened wide its mouth to grasp the bone Mr. Cheesmeyer was greatly startled at seeing between the widely open jaws of the snake a feathery animal. The plumed creature continued its journey through the precarious exit and walked calmly into the yard, followed by another and finally by a third. Think of it, real live birds making their entrance into the world through the mouth of a boa constrictor! These strange birds proved to be ostriches. Their appearance accounted for the disappearance of three ostrich eggs. At St. Charles, Mo., in a small barn in the outskirts of the town, the three ostriches may still be seen. One of them has been taught to dance to the music of a hand organ, but up to the present time all efforts to educate the other two have been unavailing.—Chicago Post.

Dehumanized Biology.

Charles Reade, who said so many wise and philosophic things, said one wise thing which might be written in letters of gold on every building in every city. I quote from memory: "When you go into a room, you fancy everybody there is observing and noticing everything about you. But they are not. They are doing just what you are doing—thinking about themselves."

Darwin applied that self same principle to plants and animals. "You men fancy," he said in effect, "every other species is thinking about you and working for you; that corn and fruit trees bring forth grain and apples entirely for your sake; that thorns and thistles are trying on purpose to hurt and spite you. But they are not. They are doing just what you are doing—thinking about themselves, working for their own kind and their own offspring. Not for you or yours does any part or organ of any plant or animal exist, but simply and solely for that plant or animal. Each species tries to utilize other species for its own objects, but it never does anything for the sake of that other species—any more than you sow corn or plant pippins out of abstract love for the wheat plant or the apple tree."

And because Darwin says he became the Copernicus of zoology and botany he decentralized and dehumanized biological conceptions.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The prospects for the establishment of a new Catholic orphan asylum at Memphis, Tenn., are encouraging. Already, $11,400 has been subscribed.

A PEN PICTURE.

The Man Had Not Meant to Make Trouble, but Was Unfortunate.

"A strong wind had set in from the sea, banking huge masses of clouds over the city. The rain descended in a blinding, staggering deluge, and solid sheets of fire flashed athwart the angry skies, followed by crashing peals of thunder. The gloom was excessive. The lights in the streets cast a fitful, sickly glare over the wet pavements and the few belated pedestrians who were hastening home. It was a night for dark thoughts and darker deeds.

I laid aside the book which I had been reading—an absurdly impossible tale of midnight horrors and ghastly crimes—and sat moodily looking at the raindrops chasing madly down the window pane and at the fierce night without. The cabbies in the street below were swearing, and the call bells in the hotel were clanging like wild.

Suddenly in the adjoining room I heard a sharp click like the cocking of a firearm. The connecting door was unbolted and slightly ajar. I sat still, with bated breath and hair bristling all over with terror. A shuffling of heavy feet and a muttered imprecation as something fell on the floor. A cold, paralyzing dread seized on me, freezing the lifeblood in my veins. God of heavens, what horrible tragedy was being enacted behind that door?

Sharp, clear and loud, above the raging of the elements, rang out the report of a pistol, followed by a terrible oath and a heavy fall. Pale as a specter, I sprang, tottering, toward the door to escape, and with a horrified scream fell crashing to the floor in a dead swoon.

I awoke with a start. The connecting door was wide open. Above my prostrate form stood a rough looking man in his shirt sleeves. His right hand was bloody. I seemed to feel his clutches on my throat already and closed my eyes with a gasp. I opened them again cautiously. In his bloody grasp he held the shattered remains of an electric light globe.

"Sorry, stranger," he said, "but I tried to open the durned thing to light up, and hit busted."—Atlanta Constitution.

EVERY HOME SHOULD OWN A DYNAMO

Then Housewives Could Magnetize Hammers and Make Tack Driving Easy.

There is an easy way to render the ordinary tack hammer an article that may be used with comfort and to do away with all danger of bruised fingers from its misdirected blows. A little electricity will do the trick. The process is so simple that it should be universally adopted.

All that is required is access to a dynamo. Then lay the head of the hammer on the framework and leave it there for about five minutes. This needs no strength, but the hammer cannot be detached without the knowledge that some force holds it fast to the ironwork, and herein lies the secret. By contact with the dynamo your hammer has been magnetized and will pick up bits of iron or steel that are not too heavy for its strength.

Tacks and small nails, too short to be held in the fingers when driving, may be easily placed in position for the hammer blows without using the finger or thumbs and much speedier work accomplished. In retacking torn shades the man of the house will at once appreciate the blessing of a magnetized hammer, since he can pick the tiny tacks from the box direct with his magnet, press them into the roller with the same tool and by one blow drive the elusive fasteners home.

Carpet laying is made easy and stray tacks in quantities such as will slip from the fingers a thing of the past.—New York Herald.

Frog Catching as an Industry.

Frog catching is a leading industry along the river, and the most successful operators work all night and sleep in the daytime. Their tents along the river are silent during the sleeping hours of the forenoon, but at night the swampy shores are alive with the moving lanterns of the fishers, or rather the froggers. The frogs are caught with an ordinary fishhook, and the most successful bait is a small piece of red flannel. The operator has a reflector lantern fastened in the bow of his boat, and it is claimed that the light makes the frogs snappish without discrimination. The baited hooks are passed freely among them as the canoes, punts, skiffs and rafts are pushed and paddled through the marshes. The frog catchers do a profitable business with the Toronto restaurants.—Toronto Globe.

Beer by the Pound.

"What do you think of getting 1¼ pounds of beer for a nickel?" said a man the other day. "Well, out in the southern part of the city they sell beer in this way altogether, especially at the little German groceries with a saloon annex. When people come into the place for a pitcher of beer, the vessel is set on scales and weighed. Then the customer is asked if he wants lager or common beer. If he wants 5 cents' worth of the first, he gets 1¼ pounds, but if he wants common beer he gets 1¾ pounds. The dealer I saw did not know how the custom of weighing beer originated. The stand has been handed down for several generations, and beer was never measured otherwise than by weighing.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Rare Stamp.

An interesting and valuable addition has been made to the splendid collection of stamps in the Philosophical museum. It is a half crown stamp, lettered "America," and is the sole survivor of those attempted to be forced upon our colonists at Boston who threw the chests of tea into their harbor, for the colonists destroyed all the stamps as well, except this, which Mr. Philbrick, Q. C., is fortunate enough to be the possessor of. Another valuable addition is a series of fine specimen copies of Australian stamps sent by Major E. H. Watts of Newport.—Boston Traveller.

The official census of Ireland gives 3,949,738 Catholics and 1,186,696 Protestants. This brings the population up again to a little over 5,000,000.

LOST AND SPOILED MONEY.

The Bank of England Makes a Big Profit on Her Notes.

Bank notes of the value of thousands of pounds are annually lost or destroyed by accident. In the 40 years between 1792 and 1832 there were outstanding notes of the Bank of England, presumed to have been either lost or destroyed, amounting to £1,330,000 odd, every shilling of which was clear profit to the bank.

In many instances, however, it is possible to recover the amount of the note from the bank in full. Notice has to be given to the bank of the note supposed to be lost or stolen, together with a small fee and a full narrative as to how the loss occurred. The note is then "stopped"—that is, if the document should be presented for payment, the person "stopping" the note is informed when and to whom it is paid. If presented, after having been "stopped," by any suspicious looking person, and not through a banker, one of the detectives always in attendance at the bank would be called to question the person as to how and when the note came into his or her possession. It is quite a mistaken idea that "stopped payment" of a bank note has the effect supposed by very many people. It simply means that the Bank of England carefully keeps a lookout for the note which has been "stopped," and, though it cannot refuse to pay such note immediately on its being presented, a notification would at once be made to the person who stopped it, and the bank would give all the assistance in its power to enable the loser to recover the amount.

In the case of a bank note having been, say, burned by mistake, if the number is known and notice sent to the Bank of England it will pay the amount after an interval of five years from the date of lodging notice of destruction should no one have presented the note for payment in the meantime. The bank in such cases also insists on a guarantee being given by a banker or two householders that it shall be repaid in the event of the document turning up and being again tendered for payment. It is not at all an unusual circumstance for a mutilated note to be presented for payment, burned perhaps half through, with marks of burning on the fringes. Nor is the damage always accidental. The men who indulge in the luxury of lighting their pipes with a bank note are not always, as some may think, millionaires or recognized lunatics of society. The spoiled notes are more often than not presented by workmen or laborers, who confess without hesitation that they have intentionally lighted their pipes with them from mere braggadocio.—Ashton (England) Reporter.

An Anecdote of Perier.

Once during the schooldays of the president of the French republic his professor in geography asked him, "Perier, give us the exact position and indicate the latitude of the Gambier group." Casimir-Perier crossed his arms tightly upon his chest, looking very perplexed. One of his neighbors whispered to him the wrong answer, whereupon the professor gave him the exact position of this little group, which belongs to the more important French establishment of Tahiti, and after a short pause, and with a little point of irony, said: "You ought to know that, Perier, because it is thanks to your grandfather that France acquired the ascendancy in these parts of the world. It was through his efforts and entreaties that the dusky queen of these islands was induced to come to France, and the men of my generation still remember the comical songs which celebrated the event." Perier blushed considerably, but, holding his head still higher, answered the professor with his quick and peculiar diction, "I will most certainly go over this lesson again and try to be more proficient at the next lecture; but, so far as the deeds of my grandfather go, they are so numerous that I am not old enough yet to know them all."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Parisian Industry.

A Paris correspondent describes one of the oddest industries of that city to be found in a little shop in the Rue des Ecoles, which deals exclusively with the secondhand boots of the men who work in the sewers. These boots are furnished by the state and come half way up the thigh, and each man is allowed a new pair every six months. When new, they cost $9; when sold secondhand, they realize the modest sum of 50 cents, but as at least 6,000 pairs per annum are sent to the Rue des Ecoles it makes quite a booming industry. The leather of these boots is, so to speak, tanned by the alkaline and greasy water in which the sewer cleaners paddle, and they are eagerly sought for by the great Parisian bootmakers, for this leather, being at once tough and light, serves to sustain the curve of the Louis XV heel.

His Favorite Color.

Old Mr. Kerr-Muggeon, who agrees with George II in hating "poetry and painting," and who is never agreeable except when he is smoking, was engaged in this favorite amusement on his doorstep when Mrs. Gusscher passed.

"Oh, Mr. Kerr-Muggeon," she said, "I am glad to see you enjoying the beauties of nature!"

"Heh? What d'ye mean?" asked Mr. Kerr-Muggeon.

"Why, weren't you looking at the sunset?"

"The sunset! Well, no, not just exactly. But, now that you mention it, it does look fine, doesn't it? Looks a good deal like a meerschaum pipe just after it's begun to color!"—Youth's Companion.

An old Dutch legend says that Thomas a Becket cursed the Kentishmen of England, who spitefully cut off his horse's tail, and that the entire generation of Kent which followed wore tails like horses.

From a grain of sand barely visible to the naked eye 1,000 miles of quartz thread may be spun.

The cause of the beatification of Christopher Columbus, it is said, will again be brought before the Congregation of Rights in October.

GROCERIES

AT THE

Lowest Bedrock Prices

SBARBORO & CO.

At their old-established place of business

531 Washington St.

Read this List and be Convinced that SBARBORO & CO. are making the Greatest Reduction of the age in

GROCERIES,

Wines, Liquors, Etc.

ALL KINDS OF SUGAR

Sold at Wholesale Prices in quantities to suit

Fine Family Flour, $3, $3.40, $3.50 and $3.60 per barrel.

Tapioca, 25 lbs. for $1.

Sago, 25 lbs. for $1.

Coffee, 20c. and 25c. per pound.

Tea, 20c. 25c. 40c. and 50c. per lb.

Full Cream Cheese, 10c. and 12½c. per lb.

Lard, 10c. per lb.

Raisins (London Layer), 20-lb. box, $1.50.

Eastern Hams, 14c. and 15c. per lb.

Tomatoes, 90c. and $1 per dozen.

12-lb. box Maccaroni or Vermicelli, 65c. per box.

Fine Pure Lucca Oil (guaranteed), $1.75 and $2 per gallon.

Fifty lbs. Pink Beans, $1.

Good Table Claret, 25c. 40c. 50c. and 75c. per gal.

Good Reisling, 50c., 60c. and 75c. gal.

Port Wine, 75c., $1 and $1.50 gal.

Angelica, 75c., $1 and $1.50 gal.

Sherry, 75c., $1, $1.50 and $2.50 gal.

Short Horn Whisky, $2.50 gal.

All Wines and Liquors at Reduced Rates.

ALL OTHER

Groceries

AND

Provisions

At Same Reasonable, Low Rates

Country Orders Respectfully Solicited.

SBARBORO & CO.

Pioneer Grocers

531 Washington St.

Send for Monthly Catalogue.

Highest Market Prices Obtained for Country Produce and No COMMISSION Charged. Coin or Goods Given in Settlement.

Orders respectfully solicited, Call or send to above address.

The California Catholic

Published Every Saturday Morning

HENRY I. FISHER, - Editor and Publisher
OFFICE: 321 Montgomery St., San Francisco

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—$1.50 per year, strictly in advance.

Postage prepaid in the United States, Canada and Mexico. To all other countries, 50 cents a year additional. Portions of a year, pro rata.

No papers sent to any address after expiration of time for which payment has been made.

Trade supplied by the San Francisco News Company. For sale by all newsdealers.

Make all checks, drafts, express and postoffice orders payable to HENRY I. FISHER, 321 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco, Cal., as second-class matter.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

ORDER OF THE FORTY-HOURS' DEVOTION.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of September.

Sept. 20th—Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost.

Mission Dolores, San Francisco.
Holy Rosary, Antioch.

CALENDAR.

For the Week Ending Saturday, October 6th

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES,
Mary Immaculate, pray for us!

Sept. 30, Sunday—20th after Pentecost—St. Jerome, D. (420)—St. Paula, W.
Oct. 1, Monday—St. Remigius, Bp. (533).
Oct. 2, Tuesday—Holy Guardian Angels.
Oct. 3, Wednesday—St. Thomas of Hereford, Bp.
Oct. 4, Thursday—St. Francis of Assisi, F. (O. S. F., 1226).
Oct. 5, Friday—1st. Friday—St. Placidus and Companions, M. (541)—St. Flora, V. (1347).
Oct. 6, Saturday—St. Bruno, F. (Carthusians, 1101).

It is rumored that at the end of the year Monsignor Satolli will go to Rome, and in person give an account of his mission in the States. This has created many surmises, and set the tongues of gossips wagging. And yet, what more usual than the visit of an ambassador to the court whence he was sent. The agitation has made one thing clear: There is to be a permanent apostolic delegate at Washington, for the which, say we very sincerely, *Deo Gratias!*

A funeral reform, now being tried in Holland, is well worthy of consideration. Instead of sending, as heretofore, expensive wreaths of flowers, the friends of the departed in leaving their cards of condolence, write thereon the amount they will give in the name of the departed to some charitable institution. This given by way of suffrage, as is done by Catholics, would be the truest to friendship to those whom God has called away.

"That the delegate," says Bishop Spaulding, "has been and is a source of strength to the Apaists, there can be no doubt." Mass and the mass-house were firebrands for centuries thrown among the populace in Britain. Time came when curiosity was excited to learn what is the mass, and thousands were drawn into God's Church. The present active bigots are concentrating all eyes on the Papacy. The American people love justice and fair play. The time will come when they will familiarize themselves, not with the shibboleths of Apaism, but with the true nature of the Pope's authority. Then will be reaped what these bigots never intended to sow.

A SPEAKING SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Isaac Clarence Marsh, deceased, left, by will, the entire income of his estate, amounting to $150,000, to the Protestant Episcopal church of the Ascension in Chicago. The will specifically states that the bequest is not to be used for promulgating low church doctrines, and it is significantly declared: "If any money shall be used in the teaching of what I consider rank heresy while living, I should return in vengeance from my grave."

This fact speaks volumes. In Chicago, as in the other great centers of population in the United States, the Tractarian movement, inaugurated by Pusey, Keble, and Newman, half a century ago in England, has taken firm hold. The Crown in Council very seriously hampers the movement in Great Britain. This is impossible in Uncle Sam's dominions; circumstances favor its spread. The increase of education, the development of artistic taste among the masses, the closer social relations with England are all in favor of the ornate ritual of Protestant Episcopalianism.

Between ritual and doctrine there is close relation. It is not, therefore, surprising to find the Catholic teaching concerning the sacrifice of the mass, the real presence, confession and absolution, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, firmly held and believed by the Ritualists. All this is going on outside the pale of Holy Church. The eyes of our fellow-countrymen are unwittingly turned to the one fold under the one Shepherd. Souls that humanly speaking would never have had the opportunity of learning of the faith are being drawn by the cords of divine mercy. We can aid by prayer.

In the more than usually interesting and instructive number of the September issue of the *Rosary*, appears an article in memoriam of Mother Francis Raphael (Augusta Theodosia Drane). A convert from Puseyism, she entered the third order of St. Dominic, and for years was under the spiritual care of the Benedictin, Archbishop Ullathorn, in the community at Stone in England, which his Grace fostered as the apple of his eye. Laboring like the other sisters of the order in works of mercy among the poor, Mother Francis yet could find time to write valuable works. Her "Christian Schools and Scholars" is a book of much research, and will long remain a standard of reference. Her "Lives of St. Catherine of Siena and St. Dominic" are classical. Her "Three Chancellors" and "Knights of St. John" throw a flood of light on life in the historic periods to which they refer. She chose the better part, and in her own words:

But, oh, what hast thou won?
A love that is ever pure,
A love that shall aye endure
When the sands of life are run:
Then mourner, from the dust arise!
Thine are no fragile, earth-born ties
Which part and sever,
But love divine, which never dies,
Is thine forever.
—*Loss and Gain, Songs in the Night.*

PERSECUTED CHRISTIANS IN UNCLE SAM'S STATES.

A few weeks ago we called our readers' attenttion to the persecution of Miss Crowley at Alameda, merely because she is a Christian. For being Christians and for no other reason, like persecution has been inflicted, within the past few weeks, on American citizens in New Jersey, Illinois, Kansas and other States. The persecutors are known to the outside world as A. P. A.'s in our country, and as P. P. A.'s in Canada. They call themselves Am-mor-eens, so as to be able, says their ritual, to make affidavit they do not belong to any such order as the A. P. A. It is an association born of Orangism, a foreign product introduced by foreigners into our land, the home of the home of the free and of the brave. Uncle Sam has begotten a Constitution, the envy of nations. He has nurtured and protected it for nearly a century and a quarter. But this foreign association under pretense of doing the same, but in reality for a very different ultimate purpose, by oath bind themselves to persecute the oldest body of Christians and to disseminate the most odious calumnies concerning their doctrines. This is treason to the Constitution which allows all citizens to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, and this shall not bar any right or privilege of citizenship. The ritual and oaths of this un-American society were unearthed and published by the Sunday *World* of Los Angeles, July 15, 1894, and have since been reproduced by other journals. But no denial as to their genuineness has been elicited. Now citizen Am-mor-eens *nec defensoribus istis tempus egit.* Pagan Rome tried your game; the Christians went to the lions, but the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the church. Proud England with all her four centuries of persecution has failed to accomplish what you are trying to do; Christians of the olden stock are leavening her social life. Bismark with brains and batallions, made a dismal failure of trying to crush the ancient Christians. Amid the hurly-burly and din of your bigotry breathing, threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, do you not hear the voice, Why persecutest you me? It is hard for you to kick against the pricks.

But while the church does not identify herself with any form of government, nor with any political party, she asserts some fundamental principles of politics of the highest possible importance. First, all authority is of God even in the political order and is therefore to be respected and obeyed for conscience sake. Second, civil legislation must never be in opposition to, but should always be in harmony with the divine law. Third, where the suffrage prevails it is a conscientious duty of the voter to elect such representatives as will remember that civil laws must not contradict the Commandments of God and the precepts of the gospel.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE IN EDUCATION.

Personal influence, whether in converting, or in training to holiness, or in educating, has been a main factor in the work of the Catholic Church. Hence the instinct of our people to place their children in schools and colleges conducted by religious who have given up earthly possessions and severed themselves from legitimate joys to devote themselves unreservedly to the education of the young. Hence, too, the large staff employed by rich communities in training the children committed to their care. Their very names—Father, Mother, Brother, Sister proclaim they are but extending the sacred influence of home. Quite apart from the sacramental character of the confessional, there is an inexhaustible source of strength in a prudent holy confessor.

We always rejoice to see outsiders instinctively proclaiming, by the light of natural reason, what is the practice of Holy Church. Very lately the Protestant Episcopal *Churchman* wrote: "The universities of Oxford and Cambridge, England (both be it remembered of Catholic creation), are cited the true model for American institutions. Groups of small cottages on the banks of the Isis and Cam have sent forth the men who have been the leaders in the Anglican Establishment and State. The small colleges of America have a record which confirms the experience of English educationalists. But small colleges do more than equip their sons with an intellectual preparation that makes them succeed in competitive examinations. In institutions where the faculty can individualize the students, training, inspiration, and discipline become real and personal, and the sentiment of enthusiasm for high things more easily cherished. * * * It is, moreover, in small colleges that religion can more easily become a deep, penetrating, and consentaneous influence."

Rev. Henry's A. P. A. organ gloats over the fact that the late Republican convention in Alameda county was dominated by the A. P. A. element. While most of the statements published in that sheet are false, we have no doubt from the circumstances surrounding many of the nominations, that this statement is true. In marked contrast was the action of the Democratic convention held last Saturday, when George W. Dennis of Alameda, speaking in support of the ninth plank in the platform, had every delegate on his feet demanding that the resolution denouncing religious proscription be passed. We have seen many tumultuous scenes in political conventions, but this one was a stampede in favor of religious liberty. The principles of Democracy are opposed to Apaism, and it is a good banner to fight under.

It has been charged that James H. Simmons, Democratic nominee for Superintendent of Schools in this city, is a member of the A. P. A. It is also asserted that F. A. Hyde, President of the Board of Education, is also afflicted with A. P. A. tendencies. Catholic voters will do well to keep these charges in mind, and rebuke their intolerance.

PERSONAL.

Monsignor Termoz, who is at present the guest of Rev. E. Gente at his residence on Bush street, will leave in a day or two, by way of the Canadian Pacific, en route to New York.

Rev. D. O. Crowley is spending a vacation at Santa Cruz prior to his return to the Youths' Directory, 2030 Howard street, of which he was the founder, and of which he will now resume charge.

Subscribers who failed to receive their papers during the past two weeks will receive due credit for the numbers missed upon the books.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

DESTROYED BY FIRE LAST SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

St. Mary's College, located on Broadway, Oakland, was partially destroyed by fire on Sunday afternoon. The fire was discovered by one of the students, and was bravely fought by the students and brothers for some time before turning in an alarm. When it was found to be beyond control, a series of alarms were turned in, and the entire department of Oakland responded. Handicapped as the firemen were by bad hose, they made a gallant stand, and after four hours succeeded in getting control of the blaze. But when their labors had borne fruit, four floors of the College were in ruins, and the magnificent building was but a semblance of its former self.

The blow was a very severe one both on the Christian brothers and the students. The building was valued at $150,000, and much of the contents were unusually valuable, being the accumulations of years, and many cannot be replaced. The students lost many of their personal effects, while the disruption of the classes is another severe blow. The insurance on the building was only about $25,000, and the expense of rebuilding will be more than double.

Brother Bettelin, the President of the Christian Brothers, was in New York, being on his way to a general chapter of the order at Paris. He telegraphed to Brother Erminold, Director of the College, instructing him to go ahead with the work of rebuilding, and already steps have been taken looking to its early repair.

Architect John J. Clark, who constructed the original building, has already made his preparations for the work in hand, and yesterday said the walls were nearly intact, and would, with but little repair, be available. Mr. Clark's instructions are to push the work, and he intends to have it completed as soon as possible. In the meanwhile provision has been made for the students, and, although laboring under disadvantages, classes are in running order. The sympathy of Catholics will be extended to the Christian Brothers by all who know of their misfortune.

HIS GRACE'S PORTRAIT.

W. S. Sutton, the well-known artist, has recently completed an elegant likeness of his Grace, Archbishop Riordan. It is now on exhibition at his studio, room 24, 231 Post street. The portrait has evoked golden encomiums from all who have seen it. His Grace is attired in the purple robes of his office, and the texture of each piece of cloth is distinctly brought out. But it is in the expression of the countenance, the artist has achieved his greatest success. The face bears the intellectual and dignified look so characteristic of Archbishop Riordan, and gives a true index of his character. Mr. Sutton is always pleased to show this portrait, which reflects great credit upon his artistic taste, to visitors. Many of our prominent Catholics have already visited his studio, and all unite in praise of the work. It will be on exhibition for a short time only, as no doubt some admirer of Archbishop Riordan will procure the portrait for presentation to some of our many religious institutions.

STAR OF THE SEA.

The mission conducted by the Paulist Fathers, Brady and Wyman, was brought to a successful close on last Sunday. The attendance at all the services of the mission was large, and Father Coyle as well as the missionary priests, are highly gratified at the results accomplished. The sale of tickets for the fair to be held during the coming month is already large, and the prospects for a very successful bazaar are very encouraging. Father Coyle's friends from all over the city are rallying to his support, and a big hole will be made in the debt hanging over the church and new residence.

George D. Koen, 321 Montgomery street, is authorized to receive subscriptions for the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC in the absence of the publisher.

Right Rev. Bishop Mora and Father James of Los Angeles were in Ventura last week.

Archbishop Riordan will administer Confirmation at Livermore on Sunday, October 28th.

Painless Extraction a Specialty!

DENTISTRY
In all its Branches
DR. T. H. MORRIS,
SURGEON DENTIST
47 POST STREET,
Rooms 1, 2 and 9
Corner Kearny, San Francisco

George Goodman,
Patentee and Manufacturer of
Artificial Stone
In all its Branches
Schillinger's Patent
Sidewalk / Garden Walk } A Specialty
Office, 307 Montgomery St.
NEVADA BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

JOHN F. LYONS
NOTARY PUBLIC
—AND—
Commissioner of Deeds for All States and Territories
Passports Procured
Office, 607 Montgomery Street
Telephone 5439
Notarial Business can be transacted after business hours at his residence, 2202 Steiner Street, next N. E, corner Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

Frank T. Shea — Will D. Shea
Shea & Shea
ARCHITECTS
26 Montgomery Street, San Francisco
Telephone 911

JOHN J. CLARK
ARCHITECT
ROOM 70, ST. ANN'S BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO
Office Hours, 1 to 3 P. M.

JOHN T. GREANY
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
No. 14 GRANT AVENUE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

H. B. McAVOY H. J. GALLAGHER
McAVOY & GALLAGHER
(Successors to Flanagan & Gallagher)
FUNERAL -:- DIRECTORS
No. 20 FIFTH ST.
Opp. Lincoln School, S. F.
The Finest Funeral Furniture, Hearses, Carriages, etc., always on hand and furnished at the Shortest Notice.
Telephone 3086.

Jas. English — T. R. Carew
CAREW & ENGLISH
Undertakers and Embalmers
FUNERAL -:- DIRECTORS
No. 19 VAN NESS AVE.
NEAR MARKET ST., San Francisco
Telephone 3156

McGINN BROS.
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
31 EDDY ST., SAN FRANCISCO
TELEPHONE 3252

PATENTS
CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS.
CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of Information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. $3 a year. Sample copies sent free.
Building Edition, monthly, $2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.

THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD OF CHURCH FURNISHINGS
OPERA AND ASSEMBLY CHAIRS
SCHOOL FURNITURE COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

BLYMYER BELLS
FOR CHURCH, SCHOOL, FIRE ALARMS
CATALOGUE WITH OVER 2500 TESTIMONIALS.
JAMES LINFORTH, SOLE AGENT PACIFIC COAST.
—37 MARKET ST.— SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A GRAND OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE M-O-N-E-Y

$5 TO $50 FOR LITTLE LABOR

The field is open, and the first to enter the lists will reap the harvest.

Boys and girls, men and women, can devote an hour or two a day to the work, which is light, easy, and profitable.

This is the Plan.

Get five yearly subscribers to the CALIFORNIA CATAOLIC, collect $1.50 from each one, send $5 to the office, and retain $2.50 for your commission.

Get ten yearly subscribers, send **$10** to the office, and retain **$5** for your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers, send **$20** to the office, retaining **$10** commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send **$40** to the office, retaining **$20** commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send **$50** to the office, retaining **$25** commission.

Get one hundred subscribers, send **$100** to the office, retaining **$50** commission.

Any person sending a list of five yearly subscribers will be entitled to the commission on subsequent names sent, at the same rate. The first list from any person must consist of not less than five subscribers.

Lists of subscribers received under this offer must be new ones; that is, not composed of any who have already ordered the paper.

Make all money or express on dues payable to Henry I. Fisher.

Receipts will be sent subscribers from this office, showing the date of expiration of subscriptions.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Bishop Montgomery's Tour in Southern California.

GREAT DEVOTION MANIFESTED AT THE SACRAMENTO MISSION.

Alameda to Hold a Fair in Aid of the New Church—Entertainments at Berkeley and San Jose, etc.

Our usual interesting summary of the news of the week will be found in the following columns.

SAN JOSE.

Sister Mary Joachim of the Order of Notre Dame died at the convent last week. She was born in Ireland thirty years ago, and entered the order in 1889. Two years later she took the black veil. She was teacher of plain and fancy needlework. The cause of her death was consumption. The deceased was a counsin of Rev. Father Slevin of Oakland. The interment took place last Saturday in the cemetery at Santa Clara.

Last Friday evening at Y. M. I. Hall an entertainment was given under the auspices of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society. "Living Pictures," were the features of the evening, and were portrayed in a most realistic manner. Music, both vocal and instrumental, was also a feature. Dancing and refreshments concluded the evening's entertainment. A second night's program was also presented, with an entire change, which was as greatly enjoyed as the first. The financial results were a welcome addition to the funds of the Society. The committees in charge of the affair were as follows:

Music—Mesdames B. D. Murphy, R. S. Hoagland.

Printing and Advertising -- Mesdames Louise Auzerais, W. B. Hill.

Decoration—Mesdames L. Archer, J. P. Burke, C. Brake, J. H. Campbell, W. P. Dougherty, H. Boschken, Misses Ryland, Tormey and Sullivan.

Lemonade — Mrs, A. Normandin, Miss Promise.

Coffee—Mesdames E. J. Delaney, M. Kell, M. O'Brien, J. A. Yoel, G. A. Miller, T. A. Carroll, J. Holly, C. P. Page.

Ice-cream — Mesdames M. Carey, John Yoell, M. Carroll, M. Hogan, P. Carey, L. Pinard, F. Brassy, R. Hughes, E. Coopers, Misses A. Kell, M. and A. Carey, M. Kelly, and H. Lorentzen.

SEATTLE.

The Jesuit Fathers of the Immaculate Conception church have had their numbers increased by two, who will assist in teaching this fall and winter—namely, Rev. Patrick Mahoney, S. J., and Rev. Conrad Bruster, S. J., both from the University of St. Louis, Mo. Father Victor Garrand, the principal of the church and school, is supervising the construction of a new church on a block of land secured by the Jesuits, bounded by Broadway, Madison, Williams, Knight and Filbert streets. The old Day Nursery building was purchased with the land, and this the Jesuits will devote to the primary department of the school, and place it in charge of the Sisters who have been teaching at Sixth and Spring streets. The new building will be large enough to afford ample room for college purposes, in which advanced pupils will be taught the classics and commercial by the Jesuit Fathers. The fall term commenced September 4th.

ALAMEDA.

As the progress of the new church is noted the parishioners are getting more and more enthusiastic over its beauties, and are anxiously looking forward to the date of its dedication some time in December. Nearly all the stained glass windows have been donated, besides many statues, pictures and stations. A fine Blymer bell, weighing 1,500 pounds, has been donated by a gentleman of the parish who wishes to remain incognito. The ladies of the parish, not to be out done in their labors to make the church a grand monument to Father Sullivan, are making arrangements for a grand bazar to be held in St. Joseph's Hall in November, and already report a large sale of tickets. Donations of all kinds of material are coming in quickly, and the bazar promises to rival the Midwinter Fair in the variety of its contents.

OAKLAND.

A requiem mass was offered at the Convent of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart last Saturday, for the repose of the soul of Sister M. Salome, first superioress of the institution.

Several members of the senior class of the Sacred Heart Convent gave an ice to the other members of the class a few evenings ago, which was one of the pleasantest events of the school year. The table was set in the greenhouse and was softly lighted with many Chinese lanterns. The decorations consisted in the main of flowers interwoven with the colors ef the school, pink and corn, blending with cypress green. The hostesses were Miss Grace Burr, Miss Frances Nunan, Miss Clophine Bernard, Miss Rose Newmark, Miss May Dougherty and Miss Viola Jacobs. The guests were entertained in a delightful manner.

STOCKTON.

An attempt is being made to organize a woman's branch of the A. P. A. in this city. The wives of several well-known citizens are said to be interested in the movement, and last week a canvass for membership was made in the northern part of the town by one of the organizers. It is proposed to form the ladies' branch on the same principles as the Society has been organized among the men. The object is identical—namely, not to employ Catholics, and when possible to induce others to discharge them. This, it is thought, will work a hardship on quite a number of servant girls, many of whom belong to the proscribed denomination, and are employed in Protestant families.

SACRAMENTO.

Rev. Fathers Moeller and Finnegan, who have been so successfully conducting missions in various parts of the state, commenced a two-weeks' mission last Sunday at the Cathedral of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The opening sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Moeller, and his theme was the "Mercy of God." Father Finnegan preached in the evening on the "Importance of Saving One's Soul." The evening services during the past week were for the women, and the coming week will be devoted to the men.

The order of exercises for each day will be: Five o'clock, A. M., mass and instruction; 8:30 o'clock A. M., mass and sermon; 3 o'clock P. M., stations of the cross; 7:30 o'clock P. M., rosary sermon, benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

BENICIA.

His Grace, Archbishop Riordan, administered the sacrament of confirmation to a class of two hundred children at St. Dominic's church last Sunday. Solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Warren, O. P. The music was rendered by the St. Vincent choir of Vallejo, under the leadership of Miss E. Brainerd. La Hache's mass being sung; Gounod's "Ave Maria" was sung in a most impressve manner by Miss Celia McManus; Mr. Hurley sang "Jesus Redemptor," and Miss Annie Kane, "Exce Panis." After the ceremonies were concluded his Grace delivered an impressive sermon.

PASO ROBLES.

A few days since Father Henry O'Riley of Los Angeles arrived in Paso Robles and took charge of that parish, and will hereafter hold regular services in the Catholic church every Sunday morning at 10:30 A. M., excepting the last Sunday in the month when he goes to San Ardo. He will hold early morning mass at San Miguel mission each Sunday morning. It is expected soon to have services, both morning and evening, and also to form all societies usually connected with a well organized Catholic church.

MARYSVILLE.

Rev. Father O,Meara, who has been connected with St. Joseph's cathedral for some years, has been transferred as pastor to Lincoln. He has been succeeded by Rev. Father Horgan of Woodland. The old order of masses has been resumed. Vespers will be celebrated again on Sunday evenings, commencing with the first Sunday in October.

SANTA CLARA.

The first regular meeting of the Santa Clara College Glee Club for the session of 1894–95 was held on September 23d. The principal business was the election of officers, with the following result: Rev. R. Kenna, S. J., President; F. Sargent, Vice-President; Edward T. Sheehy, Secretary; C. Welch, Treasurer; A. Gastelle, Censor; C. O'Kane, Music-keeper. Professor J. Donovan has again accepted the office of Musical Director of the Club, and under his skillful management its success is assured.

A nine from St. Joseph's College, San Jose, was defeated by the first nine, second division, last Sunday by a score of 13 to 3. The batteries were Guinasso and Bolio, Galtez and Wilson.

The league game which was to be played on the Sodality grounds was postponed until to-morrow.

In the House of Philhistorians on Monday the debate was:

"*Resolved*, That nations should settle their difficulties by arbitrations."

BODEGA.

A fair will be held in aid of St. Teresa's church, commencing Tuesday, October 9th. The following ladies will have charge of the tables:

Bodega—Mesdames Murray, Furlong, Keefe, Johnson, Neelis and others.

Valley Ford—Mesdames Dowling, Torpey, Byrone and Curry.

Freestone — Mesdames Johnson, Burns, Coleman, Glenn, Drago and Kloppenberg.

Refreshment—Madam T. Furlong and Misses Murray.

GRASS VALLEY.

Rev. Father Lynch had the misfortune to lose a finger of his right hand Saturday. There was a new door in the church which they wanted finished, and Father Lynch was assisting one of the carpenters, when the door swung back catching his finger and taking that member off. It is a very painful accident, and the reverend Father will not be able to attend to his duties for a while.

LOS GATOS.

Changes in the Catholic novitiate at Los Gatos have been made as follows: Father Nester, minister, has removed to St. Joe Mission, and his place has been filled by Father Cullen. Father Jenna, who has held the post of parish priest for the past two years, is now in San Jose filling the position of general missioner, his place being taken by Father Connolly of Santa Clara.

BERKELEY.

A very successful entertainment was given in Unity Hall last Saturday night in aid of the Catholic Ladies' Relief Society. "The Brownies' and the two-act farce, "A Box of Monkeys," in addition to a number of vocal and instrumental selections, were presented. The attendance was large and enthusiastic, and a considerable sum was realized.

HOLLISTER.

Rev. Father Smyth was the recipient of a handsome present last Tuesday afternoon in the shape of a fine horse and new buggy. The present was from the members of the Tres Pinos and Hollister churches, and was a well-merited tribute of esteem to a worthy man.

REDWOOD CITY.

Work on the Convent will begin early in spring. A cement foundation similar to the Theological Seminary will be laid. The sisters are preparing the plans. The cost of the proposed building it is said will be in the neighborhood of $250,000.

SELMA.

Right Rev. Bishop Montgomery will administer the sacrament of confirmation at the Catholic church on the second Sunday in October. Rev. Father Farrelly is preparing a large class of children for the occasion.

GILROY.

The children of St. Mary's Convent gave a very successful entertainment on Friday evening of last week, the children under their charge showing great proficiency in their musical and literary studies.

J. R. Daly, an alleged "ex-priest," has been deluding the people in the southern part of the State with his lies, in the interest of the A. P. A.

KNIGHTS TO BUILD.

The Knights of St. Patrick have under consideration a project to erect a magnificent building to cost over $100,000 for the purpose of establishing a headquarters where all Irish societies may meet. The idea is to purchase a lot in some suitable location, erect a large building, with stores on the ground floor, and offices and halls above. The plan proposed is to form a corporation on the lines of a building and loan association, issue shares of stock, and secure the necessary funds to erect the structure. It is estimated that a handsome revenue could be derived from such a building, and as a headquarters for the various Irish societies of the city would be a popular place of resort. A committee consisting of James R. Kelly, Thomas R. Bannerman, Jeremiah Deasy, William Broderick, James C. Nealon, T. J. Welsh and Patrick F. McCormick have the matter under considerstion, and a report is due from them at an early date.

FRANCISCAN APPOINTMENTS.

At the triennial chapter of the Franciscan Order of the Provinces of the Sacred Heart, held recently in St. Louis, the following changes were made:

San Francisco—St. Boniface Church: Revs. Maximilian Neumann, Cornelius Schoenwalder, Gregory Kuepper, and Titus Hugger. St. Anthony's Church: Revs. Leo Bruener, and Cletus Gierschweski.

Pajaro (Watsonville)—Revs. Clementine Deyman, Joseph Godiol, and Hermon Wirtz.

St. Turibius Mission—Revs. James Nolte, and Maximillian Klein.

Oakland (Fruitvale)—Revs. Serephine Lampe, and Kilian Schloesser.

Los Angeles—Revs. Victor Aertker, Quirinius Stueckler, and Athanasius Goette.

Sacramento—Rev. Augustine McClory.

Santa Barbara — Guardian, Rev. Ferdinand Bergmeyer; pastor, Rev. Gerhart Becher; assistants, Revs. Raynerius Deckneite, Bonaventure Fox, and Joseph O'Keefe.

Rev. Father McGrath, who has been stationed at Yreka, has been transferred to the Red Bluff Mission, and Father Quinn has gone to Yreka to take charge of that church. Father Quinn was tendered a reception by the people of Red Bluff prior to his departure.

'Tis by viewing evil's power and losing faith in right
That evil's power is strengthened and right decreased in might.
Oh, though the clouds seem dark'ning, yet, "behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow keeping watch above His own"!

SUPERSTITIOUS RUSSIA.

The Cruel Murder of a Woman Supposed to Be the "Cholera Devil."

Another form which the devil assumes in Russia pretty often of late is that of the cholera, who, of course, is a female. In the district of Barnaul the other day the peasants were determined to make short work of the "cunning one" in that odious role of his. They clubbed together and lay in wait. One day they descried the spirit of evil on his way to kill people with the terrible epidemic. He was riding in a tarantass—a sort of springless cart covered with canvas—disguised in the form of a female.

The watchman refused to allow the tarantass to enter the village of Praslоukha. The woman inside protested, but had to turn back. The peasants assembled, gave chase to the tarantass, surrounded it and called out to the "cholera devil" to disappear. The poor woman said she was human like themselves and could not vanish miraculously, but they shouted, prayed and closed around. A few shots were heard, followed by a piteous moan and then a deafening shout of triumph: "Pray to God, brothers, and thank him. We have killed the cholera." The woman's name was Kondratieff. Her corpse was not allowed into the village.—London Telegraph.

The Emperor and the Yachts.

Emperor William does not sympathize with American ambition to yacht in English waters, says an American, writing from London. Nobody was more pleased than he when his royal uncle's yacht beat the Vigilant. Even the London newspapers felt called upon to explain that the kaiser's visit was purely personal and that his social pleasures or shortcomings among the visitors at Cowes were solely his private affair.

The Browning Slab.

The slab to cover the grave of Robert Browning in Westminster abbey has just been completed in Venice. It is of the oriental porphyry of which the poet was particularly fond. It has been put into a frame of Sienna marble, and the whole, though rich, is of the greatest simplicity. The inscription will consist only of the name and the dates of birth and death, with an English rose at the head and a Florentine lily below.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

Grain, Etc.

WHEAT — Milling, 88@90c ℔ ctl; shipping grades, 80@82½c

BARLEY — Feed, 75@80c ℔ ctl; new brewing, 87½@93¾c; choice Chevalier, $1 27½@1 30.

OATS—Old crop—Off grades of feed, 80c@ 92½c ℔ ctl; good to choice, 97½c@1 02½; fancy, $1 05@1 10; surprise, $1 12½@1 17½; milling, $1 10@1 15; gray, 95c@$1 00.

CORN — Large yellow, $1 22½@1 25 ℔ ctl; small do, $1 27½@1 30; white, $1 27½@1 30.

BEANS—Pea, $2 50@2 70 ℔ ctl; pink, $1 45@ 1 55; bayo, $1 75@1 90; small white, $2 50@2 65; large white, $2 40@2 50; butter, $1 75@2 10; Lima, $4 00@4 25; red, $2 00.

SEEDS — Rape, 1½@2½c ℔ ℔; hemp, 3@4c; canary, 4c for imported; do California, nominal; flaxseed, 3@3¼c; alfalfa, 10c for Utah; mustard, 2¾@3c for yellow and 2½c for brown.

HAY—Wheat, $8 00@12 50 ℔ ton; wheat and oat, $7 50@11 50; stock, $5 50@6 50; alfalfa, $7 00 @9 00; barley, $6 00@9 50; clover, $9 00@11 00; oat, $7 00@11 00; compressed, $7 00@11 00.

STRAW—50@60c ℔ bale.

HOPS—Nominally 3@4c ℔ ℔ for '93 and 6@8c for '94.

BUCKWHEAT—Nominal.

RYE—New, 87½@90c ℔ ctl.

DRIED PEAS—Nominal.

Mill Products.

FLOUR—Family extra, $3 25@3 35 ℔ bbl; bakers' extra, $3 15@3 25; superfine, $2 40@ 2 80.

BRAN—From $13 50@14 00 ℔ ton for home product.

MIDDLINGS—From $16 00@18 00 ℔ ton.

GROUND BARLEY—From $18 00@19 00 ℔ ton.

FEED CORNMEAL—From $27 00@27 50 ℔ ton.

CRACKED CORN—From $27 50@28 00 ℔ ton.

OILCAKE MEAL—$35 00 ℔ ton from mill; jobbing at $37 50.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$30 00 ℔ ton.

Various—Cash prices for 10-℔ sks: Cracked Wheat, 3½c ℔ ℔; Rye Flour, 3½c: Rye Meal, 3c; Buckwheat Flour, 5c; Oatmeal, 4¼c@5c: Oat Groats, 5c; Hominy, 4½@4¾c; Rice Flour, 6½c; Farina, 4½c; Pearl Barley, 4½@4¾c; Split Pea, 5½@5¾c; Rolled Oats, 5c; Buckwheat Groats, 8½c; Graham Flour, 3c.

Vegetables.

Onions—Yellow, 45@55c ℔ ctl.

Potatoes — From 25@35c ℔ ctl in sks for Early Rose; 40@55c for river Burbanks and 70@ 80c for Salinas Burbanks; Sweets, 50@75c.

Various — Lima Beans, ¾@1c ℔ ℔; String Beans, ¾@1c; Green Peppers, 25@35c ℔ bx; Cucumbers, 25@40c; do for pickling $1 00@1 50 ℔ 100 ℔s for No. 1, and 25c@50c for No. 2; Summer Squash, 25@35c ℔ bx; Tomatoes, 15@25c for large bxs; Green Corn, 35@50c ℔ sk for common: do bay, 75c@$1 00 ℔ crate and 40@50c for bxs; Green Okra, 35@60c ℔ bx; Egg Plant, 25@35c ℔ bx; Cauliflower, 75@85c ℔ doz; Cabbage, 50@60c ℔ ctl; Beets, 50c ℔ sk; Turnips, 50c; Carrots, 50c; Green Peas, 1@1½c ℔ ℔.

Fruits and Nuts.

FRESH FRUITS—Strawberries, $3 00@5 00 ℔ chest. Blackberries, $3 00@5 00. Raspberries, $6 00@8 00. Huckleberries, 4@5c ℔ ℔.

Grapes—Muscat, 25@50c ℔ bx; Rose of Peru, 30@40c (fancy in crates, 50c); Black Hamburg and Malvoisie, 25@35c; Tokay, 50@65c.

Apples—40c@$1 00 ℔ bx; plums, 35@50c ℔ bx; prunes, 40@60c ℔ bx; Bartlett pears, 75c@$1 00 ℔ bx; peaches, 15@30c for bskts and 25@75c for bxs; crabapples, 25@40c.

Melons—Watermelons, $6 00@12 00 ℔ 100; canteloupes, 50c@$1 00 ℔ crate; Nutmeg Melons, 25@40c ℔ bx.

Figs—Black, 25@75c ℔ bx; do white, 35c; nectarines, red, 40@50c; do white, nominal.

Lemons—California, $2 00@3 50 ℔ bx for fair to choice; fancy Santa Barbara and Santa Paula, $4 50@5 00; Mexican limes, $7 00@8 00 ℔ case.

Various—Bananas, $1 50@2 50 ℔ bunch; pineapples, $2 00@3 50 ℔ doz for Honolulu.

DRIED FRUITS—New crop—Apricots, 7½@ 8½c ℔ ℔. Apples, evaporated, 8@8¼c; do sun dried, sliced, 5@5½c; peaches, bleached, 6@7c.

Old crop—Pears, 5½@6c for bleached halves; do qrs, 4½@5c; plums, pitted, 3@5c; black figs, pressed, 3c; do unpressed, 2c; do ungraded, 2½@4c; prunes, 4¾@5c for graded and 3@5c for ungraded.

Raisins—Local prices, crop of 1894—California clusters, $1 25@1 50 ℔ bx; do layers, 60c@$1 00; Muscatel, loose, bxs, $1 15@1 25; do sks, 2½@3c for No. 1 and 2¼@2½ for No. 2; dried grapes, 2¾ ℔ ℔.

NUTS—Jobbing prices: Almonds, softshells, 9@10c ℔ ℔; do papershell, 10@11c; do hardshell, 5@6c; standard, 7@8c; walnuts, California, softshell, 9@10c: do papershell, 9@10c; do hardshell, 5@6c; do No. 2, 4@4½c; do Chile, 7½@8c; Brazil, 8@10c; Filberts, 10@11c; polished pecans, Texas, 8@10c; pinenuts, Mexican, 12@ 13c; peanuts, 5½@6½c; hickory, nominal; cocoanuts, $5 00@5 50 ℔ 100.

Butter, Cheese and Honey.

BUTTER—Creamery, 29@31c ℔ ℔; fancy dairy, 26@28c; good to choice, 22½@25c; common, 18@20c; pickled roll, 16½@21c; creamery in tubs, 21@23c; firkins, 17@19c.

CHEESE—California, 7½@9c ℔ ℔ for flats; Young America, 9@10c; Eastern, 11½@13c.

HONEY—Jobbing prices, Comb, clear white, 10@11¼c ℔ ℔; do dark to light, nominal; water white, extracted, 6¾@7c; light amber do, 6¼; dark amber do, 5@6½c.

BEESWAX—24@25c ℔ ℔.

Poultry and Eggs.

POULTRY—Hens, $4 00@5 00 ℔ doz; broilers, $2 00@3 00; fryers, $3 50@4 00; roosters, $4 00 @5 00 for young; do old, $4 00@4 50; geese, $1 25@1 50 ℔ pair; ducks, $4 00@5 50 ℔ doz; turkeys, alive, 12@14c ℔ ℔; pigeons, $1 25@1 50 ℔ doz for young and $1 50@1 75 for old.

EGGS—California, 18@22c ℔ doz for fair to choice; fancy ranch, 27½@30c, with some selected selling at 32½c; Eastern, 20@25c.

The London Times, in an article on the selection of Levi P. Morton as the Republican candidate for governor of New York, says: "The return of Messrs. Morton, McKinley and Harrison to power in the councils of their party is, at least, a suggestion that a better public sentiment has developed — one which will force the machine men of both parties to put up good men for the high offices."

Fur-bearing animals in Alaska will soon be exterminated unless something is done to prevent it. Parties of adventurers go to the territory and poison the animals by thousands. The skins are taken and the carcasses left for crows to eat. The crows die of the poisoned meat and foxes eat the dead crows and are killed. Soon there is not a fox in the district. Seals are also becoming very scarce in comparison with the numbers formerly caught.

Lieutenant Beehler, U. S. N., has arrived home from Bremen with his solarometer, which was tested on the voyage and which he exhibited in Germany and France. Lieutenant Beehler and the officers of the Weimar, the steamship on which he sailed, took 189 observations of the sun and stars at all hours of the day and night, and the latitude, longitude and compass errors were ascertained by the solarometer with accuracy. The French, English and German astronomers universally indorsed it.

Zella Nicolaus, who attempted to blackmail George Gould and who created great scandals in many places, has dropped to the bottom of the ladder at Chicago. She is an inmate of the lowest dive on the levee and consorts with negroes. She is thought to be insane.

Private cablegrams received from Vienna announce that Dr. Anton von Palitschek-Palmfarst, late consul general to the United States, located in New York, has been dismissed in discharge from the consular service of the Austro-Hungarian empire. He swindled Austrian exhibitors at the World's Fair in charging them for space. The exposition made no charge for floor space for exhibits.

The signs are multiplying that the bitterness of Protestant prejudices is fast disappearing in Holland.

AGENTS WANTED

BRIGHT, ENERGETIC,

Active Agents can make a good living by canvassing for

THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC

Boys and girls after school hours can earn plenty of spending money by inducing their friends to become subscribers to

THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC

Members of Catholic Societies can increase the interest of other members in the special work of each one by securing subscribers in their several bodies for

THE CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC

Sample copies sent free to any address on receipt of a postal card.

Write for them and for terms, visit your friends, and see how quickly they will subscribe after reading a number.

A liberal commission will be paid to all undertaking the work. The subscription price, $1.50 per year, places it in the reach of all.

Send 25 cents in coin or postage stamps, and you can secure the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC for two months. Less than 3 cents a number. Who can afford to do without a Catholic newspaper at the price?

WRITE AT ONCE TO

THE California Catholic

321 MONTGOMERY ST

San Francisco

Henry M. McGill

Notary Public & Attorney - at - Law

630 MARKET STREET

Opp. Palace Hotel

Telephone 612

A SHATTERED IDOL.

Each week I saw him take an X
And put it in a letter
And mail it, and for that I own
I liked him all the better.

I thought of some dear country home,
A patient mother bearing
A burden lightened by the thought
That he for her was caring.

His surly ways and hardened face
I easily forgave him,
Because of this, his weekly gift,
One virtue that could save him.

But oh, alas! One fateful day
In asking for a loan he,
With awful oaths, declared he must
Send on that alimony.
—Washington News.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

How It Might Be the Highest Terrestrial Illustration of Omnipotence.

Colonel Pat Donan, the celebrated correspondent, speaking on the subject of editors of newspapers to a Philadelphia News man, said:

We speak of England, France, Germany, Russia and the United States as "the great powers," but among all the powers of earth the press stands easily first and greatest. If every journalist fully appreciated his power and his responsibility and every journal were known to be absolutely truthful, honest, fearless and incorruptible beyond the reach of wheeding, bribery or intimidation; wearing the dog collar of no party, section, sect or faction; patriotic and not partisan, always for the right and against the wrong, a union of all the newspapers would be the highest terrestrial illustration of omniscience and omnipotence. Such a combination could overturn any principality, throne or dominion under heaven, as a herd of Texas steers might upset a child's array of tin soldiers. It could establish and maintain any system, cause, creed or institution the editors chose to support.

Civilization culminates in the power press, and the bounds of civilization are limited by the circulation of the daily papers. There is no civilized speech or language where their voice is not heard or their influence is not felt. A few weeds soaked in bilge water, or a little calomel rolled in sweetened dough, with plenty of printers' ink, will make a millionaire of any pauperistic quack in five years, whether it is the brains, hearts, livers, lungs, kidneys or gizzards of newspaper reading gudgeons his humbug panacea claims to regenerate. A few thousand acres of iron, coal or timber, a fair flatboat harbor or two or three intersecting railroads, with reasonable circumjacent possibilities, and abundant advertising, will build a city out of nothingness anywhere in a decade. There is no enterprise or business, benefaction or villainy that cannot be pushed into triumph or driven to failure by the newspapers. Great reputations are created by them out of nothing and wrecked by them for amusement. In this country governors, senators and even presidents are made by them—often out of material intended for tinkers and peddlers, baseball players, gamblers, shysters, pickpockets and thugs.

His Heart Bowed Down.

He accosted me as I came out of the postoffice on Broadway and wanted to know whether the Broadway cable was the only one now at work. I said there was another on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, running up to High Bridge, and was about passing on when he grasped me by the arm and said in a whisper:

"Which is the wust?"

"There's no choice," said I shortly, preparing to cross the street.

"Then these New York newspapers are blamed liars, b'gosh, and I don't keer who knows it!" said he.

"What's the matter?" I asked, with interest.

"I've been readin nothin lately 'cept 'bout accidents by the deadly trolley and the bloody cable, and I've been ridin all over Brooklyn without seein a durn accident and spent 35 cents on this line without so much as seein a newsboy hurt. It ain't fair, that's what it ain't." And he shook his head sadly and crossed over and took a Fourth avenue horse car up town.—New York Press.

He Was Too Slow.

He reached out as if he would catch hold of her, but she eluded his grasp. Again he made an equally feeble attempt, and again she eluded him. Once more he made a feeble attempt, and she had no difficulty in escaping. This time she became indignant, almost angry.

"What do you mean, sir," she exclaimed, "by thus trying to kiss me?"

"I—I—I presume," he hesitated, "that I meant to kiss you."

She drew herself up proudly, then stepped near him and gazed down on him defiantly.

"Well," she said emphatically, "why in heaven's name don't you do it?"—Detroit Free Press.

An Eye Cleaner.

In traveling you can easily guard against the dread of getting cinders in your eye by carrying with you a tiny box of flaxseed. The instant you feel a foreign substance in the eye throw back your head and drop three or four flaxseed on the ball of the eye; then lift the upper lid and draw it down over them so as to hold them in. The relief will come immediately, and soon the seeds will begin to work out and bring the offending particle with them.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dog Reputations.

Uncle George—Your dog isn't so smart as Tommy's, is he?

Little Johnny—Yes, he's just as smart, but I isn't so good a liar as Tommy.—Good News.

An "inch of rain" means a gallon of water spread over a surface of nearly two square feet or a fall of about 100 tons upon an acre.

The lamp used by Epictetus, the philosopher, sold for 3,000 drachmas soon afer his death, in the year 161 A. D.

new church is to be built in New Or- La., to cost about $12,000. It will ndsome Gothic structure, 130 feet by 58 feet in width.

DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.

The Remarkable Case of Mrs. Mary Agnes Wolf of New York.

A remarkable instance where death followed a "broken heart" was recorded at the coroner's office Thursday. Mrs. Mary Agnes Wolf, 32 years old, died at her home on Wednesday evening. Dr. J. A. Sanders, who had last attended her, wrote a certificate that death was due to inanition and heart trouble and excessive grief. The board of health rejected the certificate, and it came to the coroner's office.

At the home of the dead woman it was said that she lived with her husband, George Wolf, an employee of the Metropolitan Traction company. Mary Melvin, the aged mother of the dead woman, had shared their humble apartments since the time of their marriage, five years ago. The mother and daughter had been constant companions all their lives. Melvin, who was an Englishman, died when Mrs. Wolf was an infant.

Last October Mrs. Melvin was stricken with a slow but fatal disease. Day and night the daughter waited upon her till her death, in June last.

For a few days Mrs. Wolf wept incessantly. Then a strange melancholy came over her. She ceased speaking of her dead parent, yet there was evidence of terrible inward grief. Her pining soon began to tell upon her health. Her husband talked with her about the folly of keeping the memory of her dead mother in mind, but she would not be consoled. She stopped going out and gradually ceased to partake of food. After a time she became so weak that she was obliged to take to her bed.

The husband returned nightly from his labor and sat by her bedside, imploring her to cheer up and live for his sake. Although she was sound of mind, she refused to pay any attention to her husband's importunities. Dr. Sanders found the woman suffering from no organic troubles and said that she would recover if properly nourished. He recommended that she be removed to a hospital, where she could better regain her strength. His suggestion was not heeded, because Mrs. Wolf declared she wished to die in the bed in which her mother had died. The doctor told her that he could do nothing more for her unless she took sustenance. She did not answer him, but shook her head. On Wednesday she died.

Mrs. Wolf will be buried in Calvary cemetery today. Dr. Cuff of the coroner's office said Mrs. Wolf's death was due to a broken heart. He said this was an instance where the woman's failure to pour out her grief in tears had brought on the disorders that caused her death.—New York Tribune.

INGRATITUDE OF NATIONS.

An Instance of It Toward a Hero of the Franco-German War.

A pathetic story of national ingratitude has been going the rounds of the London papers, which is interesting enough to be repeated, especially as it concerns those days of intense interest during which Paris was last in siege. Publicity has been given it by the fact that the hero of the incident has just gone into a French hospital in poverty, there to die. The Pall Mall Gazette thus tells the tale:

"When the German lines in the autumn of 1870 were gradually closing their boa constrictor grasp round the doomed capital, Durnof was the hero of the hour. An experienced aeronaut, who had three times been dashed into the sea and had run many other narrow escapes, he proposed, with his balloon, Neptune, to carry a mail out of Paris and to run the gantlet of the beleaguering armies. At daybreak on Sept. 23 he set out on his adventurous journey, the director of the posts assuring him as he handed in the dispatches and the pigeons that his courage and devotion would meet with a splendid reward. Durnof succeeded in his task and landed safe and sound at Evreux, but the poor old Neptune was never fit for another ascent."

Twenty-two years elapsed, but the unhappy aeronaut never received a penny from successive governments. Even his claim for the value of his balloon, which had been used till it was destroyed by the military authorities, failed to obtain the slightest recognition. After a couple of decades he got the bronze medal accorded to all who carried dispatches by balloon, and last year a small monthly grant was made, which barely sufficed to keep him from starvation. Swindlers and impostors of all kinds laid the foundation of future fame and fortune in the siege of Paris, but the first man who opened up communications between the imprisoned inhabitants and the outer world seems likely to die in dishonor and despair.

To Monopolize the Shopping Business.

A company has been organized in New York which will try to monopolize the shopping business. It has made an arrangement with the Broadway cable cars, and, it is said, will try to secure the same right on all the other lines, for the use of their front platforms as news and confectionery stands. On each car it will place a uniformed agent, who will sell the things on hand and will also take orders from the passengers for anything that they may want, from "collar buttons to a dress." The passenger has simply to tell the boy what he wants, and when he boards the car again the commission will be executed. The company proposes to make arrangements with a number of large establishments in the city to fill all orders that it brings in at the lowest possible rates.—New York Times.

The Crater Collapsed.

The great lake in Kilauea overflowed its banks on July 8, and on the 12th the lava fell 270 feet in 12 hours, causing the banks to fall in on all sides and engulfing about eight acres of the floor of the crater. The falling of the banks was going on all day and far into the night and produced a sight indescribably grand.—Honolulu Letter.

It is stated that President Carnot wore, at the time of his murder, the brown scapular and the miraculous medal of the Immaculate Conception.

AFRAID? NOT HE.

He Merely Wanted His Wife to Hold the Light For Him.

At 2 o'clock Tuesday morning, when all the people living on College avenue were fast asleep, there was commotion in one of the beautiful residences along that thoroughfare. It was the home of a merchant, and the commotion broke loose in the sleeping apartment of himself and wife. She started it.

She awakened suddenly and thought she heard some one trying to break in down stairs. She shook her husband, and after some time had elapsed succeeded in making him realize the situation. They both listened. There was some noise, sure enough, and a cold shiver crept down his spinal column and even to his toes.

He determined not to get scared, though his teeth were chattering, so he announced that he would go down and investigate.

"Aren't you afraid, dear?" nervously asked his wife.

He took out his revolver, struck a match, lighted a lamp and then looked at her in disgust.

"Afraid! Well, hardly. I never saw the man yet I was afraid of. Now, don't make any noise, but come on."

The little woman started in astonishment. "Do you want me to go too?"

"Do I want you to go? Why, of course I do. You must go ahead and carry the light so I can see to shoot. Do you think I could hit a burglar in the dark? Hurry up, or he'll be gone."

And that man made the little woman go ahead with the light, while he held the revolver over her shoulder at full cock. They traversed the house from garret to cellar, finally found a stray dog scratching at the back door and came back to bed. He sat up for an hour telling her what he would have done had there been a burglar there.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A HARD TASKMISTRESS.

The Late Rosina Vokes Took Her Art Rather Too Seriously.

The late Mrs. Clay, better known as Rosina Vokes, was a hard taskmistress. She took her art both seriously and rigidly and demanded the same from others. A young American girl during a one time connection with the Vokes company suffered extremely from a felon on her finger. Every movement of the arm gave her pain, and she was at length obliged to evade her required participation in "A Game of Cards," where the players clap hands, the one against the other. "You shirked your part last night, Miss Blank," Mrs. Clay took occasion to observe the following morning.

"I did," acknowledged Miss Blank, "for my finger is in such a condition, as you see, that present use of it is impossible."

"You will not shirk your part tonight, however," remarked Mrs. Clay, with an ominous gleam in her eye. The young American knew only too well that further remonstrance would probably result in her dismissal, so nothing more was said. That night, according to orders, she, with infinite pain, clapped hands briskly. At the first touch the blood gushed from her suffering finger; but, although her partner was Mrs. Clay, neither reference nor apology was made by that exacting star either then or afterward. "Still it was splendid training," said the young actress in later years. But to impartial, unprofessional outsiders such "training" smacks of tyranny.—New York Advertiser.

Speeches From Notes.

It is usually supposed by the lay reader that the greatest speeches made in congress are the result of long preparation and are delivered from voluminous notes. This is not always correct. The preparation may be all right, but in many cases notes do not exist at all. This may be illustrated from a little conversation I had with ex-Congressman John M. Farquhar. He was booked to speak at a reunion of veterans. Half an hour before he was announced to take the platform I approached and said:

"Mr. Farquhar, I shall be glad to get an advance copy of your speech."

"My dear sir," he replied, "I never wrote a speech in my life and never shall. I never spoke from notes but once in my life. That was when I was in congress, and my speech occupied over four hours. My notes consisted of five words scribbled on a piece of paper. I have kept that piece of paper, and when I have joined the majority it may be considered an interesting souvenir to somebody."

I thought so too.—Buffalo News.

Our Future Population.

The territorial area of Japan is about one-twenty-fourth that of the United States, not counting Canada, which is likely some time to come in, and it supports 40,000,000 people. At this rate it is computed that the North American continent would sustain a population of 1,000,000,000. How soon that limit is to be reached may be remitted to the prophets and the statisticians, but it will come some time without doubt, requiring an increasingly wise type of statesman and politician on the way if we are to hold together and carry out the destinies which seem appointed to us.—New York Tribune.

Shell Sounds.

The peculiar murmuring sound, not unlike the ripple of the waves on a still evening, which we hear on placing a shell or other hollow object to the ear, is due to the fact that the concave surface concentrates and multiplies all different sounds around us, so as to render them audible. The many sounds always present in the air are augmented by the resonant cavity of the shell.—Science Journal.

Overheard on the River.

"You are nothing but a big bluff," remarked the river to the bank.

"Is that so?" retorted the bank. "If I take a notion to come down on you, your name will be mud."—Indianapolis Journal.

St. John's Cathedral, Milwaukee, celebrated the forty-first anniversary of its establishment last week. Rev. Thomas Sherman delivered the sermon.

A FROST FOR A FROST.

Colonel Slupsky Puts a Gentleman on Ice to Take the Chill Off.

The Sabbath calm that usually reigns seven days in the week at the Hon. Jim Cronin's establishment at Twenty-first and Market was violently disturbed early in the week by Colonel Abe Slupsky, the school board reformer, who attempted to kill, murder and slay Mr. F. C. Howard by freezing him to death in Mr. Cronin's icebox. Colonel Slupsky dropped into the saloon with a couple of friends just as Mr. Howard, who seems to have been blowing himself, invited all hands to take something. When he saw the colonel ranging up to the bar, Mr. Howard looked at him severely and said, "Nay, nay, Pauline; it's off!"

"What's off?" queried Slupsky, who had not been aware of Howard's generous intentions.

"Your graft. We are not playing ringers on this track. You're ruled off the course. In other words, such drinks as you pays for you gets; not otherwise. See?"

"I was paralyzed," Abe confided to a friend. "I'd never laid eyes on the fellow in my life before, nor he on me, but I couldn't stand a play of that sort, you know. Great Scott! If I had all the drinks that are coming to me! Well, anyhow, I got a quarter in the darky's hand and whispered him to open that long, low icebox Jim has over against the wall and leave it open, and then I walked up to Mr. Howard and said:

"'I don't know who you are, sir, but you mustn't leave me out of a general treat this way. It hurts my feelings.'

"He said he'd see me gorned first, and with that I caught him, and before he could even begin to cuss any I had him in that icebox, with the cover down. Well, sir, I thought I'd die. He was the most surprised man I ever saw in my life. I guess that icebox was about the last place on this earth he thought he was heading for when he began his play.

"Well, I went to the door and stood there, although at first I intended to keep him there until he agreed to treat me. While they were getting him out and peeling the things off him somebody asked him what he wanted to insult Congressman Frank that way for.

"'Great Scott! Was that Congressman Frank?' he says. 'Let me see him,' and he came to me, with his hand out, saying: 'Congressman, you must forgive me. I had never seen you before, and I'm sorry that I insulted you.'

"I stood on my congressional dignity awhile and asked what my constituents would think of it if they heard I was grafting for a drink, but finally I forgave him, and we all went in and had something. I invited him to come down and see me at my office in the Turner building, and when he calls I guess Nat Frank and he will have a nice time getting themselves straightened out.

"I'd give a dollar to see the interview between 'em."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LABOUCHERE KICKS.

What Some Folks Call Generosity He Declares Is a "Monstrous Job."

The queen's generosity in providing palaces and other residences for foreign princes and princesses at the expense of the British taxpayer is again rousing the ire of Radicals, says a London letter. The scandal has hardly subsided over the thrifty pensioners of her majesty, who have been turning Hampton Court palace into a boarding house, when now it is announced that she has been pleased to grant the studhouse, also at Hampton Court, to Princess Frederica of Hanover and her husband, with the benefit of the survivorship. The princess is one of the wealthiest personages in Europe, and she only rarely comes to England for a brief visit. It is announced that the studhouse is to be extensively repaired and improved for her occasional occupation. This moves Mr. Labouchere to remark:

"If this arrangement has really been made, it is a most monstrous job, and one of a peculiarly objectionable kind, as during the reigns of George IV and William IV parliament protested so strongly against such reversionary grants that they were altogether discontinued of late years. However, the queen has privately revived the system of giving royal residences with survivorship, and I am informed that nearly every warrant which has recently been granted has contained the obnoxious reversionary clause. The next sovereign of these realms will have to live a long time before he has either houses or apartments to give away.

"I believe in at least one case the queen has signed a warrant granting what really was an official residence to the wife of the present occupant in case she survives her husband."

Hardships In the Goldfields.

Americans who are thinking to try their fortune in the new Eldorado of western Australia should consider some of the conditions of life in the new goldfields before starting on a fool's errand, says a correspondent. Recent letters are full of doleful tales of hardship. Not more than five men in a hundred are lucky enough to strike it rich, and the region is already vastly overpopulated. The lack of water is the greatest drawback. Water commands 25 cents a gallon at Coolgardie, 37 cents at Hannens and 50 cents elsewhere. In the gold district many horses have died of thirst by the roadside. Five hundred men at Coolgardie are anxious to get work at any wages.

The Record Price For Pictures.

Eleven thousand guineas (something over $55,000) is now the record price paid in an auction room in London for a picture. This amount was realized at Christie's for Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Lady Betty Delmse, sister of the Earl of Carlisle, with her children, a picture which is well known through engravings. It was put up at 5,000 guineas and was secured by Charles Wertheimer, a dealer, for 11,000 guineas.—London Standard.

During the time of the National Pilgrimage, 35,000 persons visited Lourdes. Miss Sarah Aster of Edinburgh was miraculously cured of cancer in the stomach.

General Pleasonton's Charmed Life.

The late General Augustus James Pleasonton was the older of two distinguished brothers, both of whom were born in Washington and both of whom were graduates of West Point. The older brother, who passed away at the age of 86 years, enjoyed distinction in late years chiefly because of his published writings on the subject of "the influence of the blue color of the sky in developing animal and vegetable life" and his many experiments to prove the correctness of his favorite "blue glass" theories.

The other brother, General Alfred Pleasonton, achieved even greater distinction because of his long and valuable services in the United States army. He made an excellent record in the Mexican war, was a famous Indian fighter, and in the war of the rebellion he divided honors with the greatest of the cavalry leaders. I have often heard Confederates tell interesting stories about the wonderful bravery and daring exposure of person which caused General Alf Pleasonton to be marked among the soldiers of the rebel army as having a "charmed life," because for a long time their sharpshooters found it impossible to pick him off, no matter how good their aim, and at last they virtually gave up the idea of striking him because they believed he had a "charmed life."—Concord Monitor.

Long Distance Photography.

Now that Dr. Miethe, the scientific German photographer, has invented a telescopic camera, long distanced photography, that chimera of the "darkroom," seems absolutely assured. The objective of this new photographic wonder consists of a convex lens of considerable length of focus and a concave lens of much shorter range. These glasses are placed a certain distance apart, depending on the difference of the two foci. By the laws of optics this arrangement projects an inverted image of the object for which it is set a long distance from the farther of the lenses. The apparent size of the object depends, of course, upon the space separating the two lenses, which again must be set so as to make the focus perfect. The whole apparatus looks very unlike an adjunct to a photographic gallery and is said to bear a stronger resemblance to a common telescope than it does to a camera. With this apparatus Professor Miethe and his assistants have taken fine pictures of portions of the city of Potsdam, Germany, from a distance of nearly three Engish miles.—St. Louis Republic.

The Great Key Trick.

I was pushing my way in a great crowd one day to an entertainment given by a celebrated conjurer when I felt somebody behind at my coat pocket. Hastily putting my hand in, I found a key there. I took it out and put it in the pocket of a friend of mine who was near.

In the course of the entertainment the conjurer was performing with a key, which he made vanish and appear again.

"There, it's gone again! There it goes! Don't you see it? It's gone into the pocket of that gentleman over there. You've got it, haven't you, sir?" and he pointed to me.

I put my hand in my pocket and said: "Oh, yes. Here it is. I feel it. It's gone again. It's gone into the pocket of that gentleman." I pointed to the man in whose pocket I had put it, and there, of course, it was found.

The conjurer came quietly to me afterward and offered me a sovereign to show him how to do the trick. Needless to say, I accepted the offer.—London Tit-Bits.

M. de Paris.

M. Deibler is not a man to be envied just now. For a long time past he has been in the receipt almost daily of anarchist threats, so that he is guarded night and day by detectives. Going down south to Pau to effect the execution of Joachim Noray, the young Spaniard who was condemned to death at the assizes of the Basses-Pyrenees for the murder of a woman named Bergeron, the executioner presented himself at the Hotel de la Poste. At first he was shown up to a bedroom, but directly he made his name known the landlord of the hotel ordered him to leave the premises. After some difficulty he succeeded in getting a lodging at a smaller house called the Hotel de Paris, where the proprietor reaped a golden harvest, it being market day and the market people crowding into the place to see the newcomer. On paying his round of official visits M. Deibler was followed by mobs wherever he went. — London News.

Wisdom of Hindoo Philosophy.

Vedanta philosophy is a philosophy of Adwaita, the nonduality of soul and matter. The Vedantins believe that there is no evil in the nature of things, but only in the way which the mind of man perverts it, and the material manifestations are but shadows of the eternal Ens clothed in name and form. The attainment of and way to this absolute bliss lies through knowledge alone, and indeed he who knows one knows all. Thought can never transcend thought, and all that we know of is thought. Names and forms are mere assumption, not separate from thought.—Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society.

Gold In Chicago's Canal.

One of the workmen on the big drainage canal which the city of Chicago is building brought to the contractor the other day a curious little fragment of stone which had been turned up in the digging. It turned out to be a bit of brown quartz and black oxide of manganese, flecked with pieces of pure gold as large as a pin's head. It was found to assay several thousand dollars to the ton. As the soil is clay, this gold ore could not naturally belong there, but must have been brought down by glaciers from the Lake Superior regions, where it is native.—Chicago Correspondent.

A Jesnit Father, Rev. Ambrose Amirdam, was killed recently by the idolaters whom he was trying to convert near Luticorm, India.

A. WALDTUEFEL

ESTABLISHED 1856.

History Building: 721 Market St.

SPECIAL AGENT FOR

F. Pustet & Co; The Catholic Publication Society Co; Benziger Bros; D. & J. Sadlier & Co; The Stolzenberg Co; Burns & Oats, London.

Kelly's Universal, Young Catholic, Sadlier's Excelsior, and Gilmore's Catholic National Readers, Deharb's Catechism's, Spaulding's Bible Histories.

Vestments, Brass Goods and Statuary, Small Religious Articles, Candles, Oils, etc.

NEAL & MEHLE

Catholic Book Store

REMOVED TO

227 HAYES STREET

Opp. St. Ignatius Church, · San Francisco

Subscriptions and advertisements for the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC received here.

CHAS. F. FLETTER. ELMER E. JOHNSON

ALAMEDA

Steam Laundry Association

2245 Railroad Ave. - Alameda, Cal.

J. T. FLEMING

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

530 California St., - San Francisco

Savings Union Building, Room 10.

RESIDENCE: 1433 High Street, Alameda.

Dr. Jerome A. Hughes

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office Hours: 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays, 8 to 10 a. m.

42 OAK STREET, - San Francisco

BROOKLYN HOTEL

208 to 212 Bush St., bet. Montgomery and Sansome, S. F., Cal.

This favorite Hotel is under the experienced management of Charles Montgomery, and is as good, if not the best, Family and Business Men's Hotel in San Francisco. Board and Room, per day, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2. Board and Room, per week, $6 to $12. Board and Room, per month, $25 to $50. Single Rooms, 50 cents to $1. Free Coaches to and from the Hotel.

DR. LUDLUM HILL, 1443 MARKET STREET, between Tenth and Eleventh. No charge for extraction when plates are made. Old plates made over like new. Teeth from $8 per set. Extracting, 50 cts. Gas given.

EDUCATIONAL.

SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

Santa Clara, Cal.

This institution was founded in 1851, and in 1855 was incorporated with the privileges of a university. It occupies six large buildings, with extensive, shady playgrounds, covered gymnasiums, swimming pond, etc. It possesses a most complete Philosophical Apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has also practical schools of Assaying, Surveying, Telegraphy and Commercial Business. Diplomas are given in the Classical Department, and certificates in the Commercial Course. Terms (payable semi-annually in advance)—Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once, $15. Board, lodging, tuition in all branches, washing and mending linen, school stationery, medical attendance and medicine, baths, etc., per session of ten months, $350. For further particulars apply to the President of Santa Clara College, or to St. Ignatius College, 214 Hayes street, San Francisco. Illustrated Catalogue of the College free on application to

REV. JOSEPH RIORDAN, S. J., President.

Studies resumed Tuesday, August 7, 1894.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY

A select boarding school for boys under fifteen years of age. Conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, Fifth and Jackson Sts., Oakland, Cal. Parents or guardians intending to send their children or wards to a boarding school need but visit the Academy to be convinced that this institution admirably supplies a place hitherto vacant in the Collegiate System of education in this State. Pupils are received at any time during the terms. Payments, invariably in advance: Board, washing and mending linen, tuition, medical attendance, use of bedding, books and stationery, per term of five months, $150. Extras—Music: Piano, per month, $8. For further particulars apply to

BROTHER HUGH, Director.

Notre Dame College

SAN JOSE, CAL.

Founded 1851. Incorporated 1855.

Studies resumed August 7, 1894.

Apply for Prospectus to

SISTER SUPERIOR.

THE BROTHERS.

Ride we out at the dawning of day—
Gray are the hills and a blush on the sky—
Up between fields where the dew frosts lay,
Jack and Harold and I.

Can ever an hour with this compare?
Is ever a bloom like a waking one?
Ho, for the breath of the unwarmed air
That knows not the kiss of the sun!

Over the highway and down the hill
Speed we well like the wings of a bird,
A reddening east and a warming thrill—
The world has awaked and stirred!

A sudden ray and a cock's shrill call,
A salty scent from the sea blown down,
A thought of the work that awaits us all
And yonder the spires of the town!

Back we ride at the closing of day,
Met by the breath that the brier sheds,
And a bird that is flying to west away,
And one star over our heads.

Can ever an hour with this compare,
When the day and the night are almost one,
Filling the sky and the silent air,
Hushed at the death of the sun?

Back 'tween the dewy fields we ride,
Under the deepening heart of the sky,
Passing the bridge and the hill's steep side—
Jack and Harold and I.

And down by the mill will one of us wait,
Wait for the wave of a hand, for a smile,
And over the hill, by a vine clad gate,
Will one of us linger awhile.

But under the stars, in the gathering gloom,
One rideth on, rideth on for a space.
Then, oh, the scent of the white rose bloom,
And the joy in a mother's face!
—Virginia W. Cloud in Youth's Companion.

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

It might have happened in London or it might not. If any one prefers to localize this story of true love at Liverpool or Glasgow or any other British city where Irish do live, he or she is quite welcome to do so. I am not going to vulgarize a tender idyl by giving with the fidelity of a county court summons the precise town, village or other minute description of the scene where the poetic events to be now told took place.

Mat Casey lodged with Tim Brennan, who occupied a couple of rooms in a small house in a court off a passage in an alley which branched out of a lane in a back street. "Sure you're a gintleman, for you're as good as the pig that pays his rint," Tim used to say to him, and Mat would reply, "True for yez, an it's meself that's proud to be that same." And then, if either happened to have a shilling about him, they would go to the Cobwebs inn and drink it. If in luck, they would perhaps have a fight or two in the course of the night. If things were depressed and people were low spiritedly peaceful, they would in most cases have a fight between themselves and then fraternally pump on each other's heads or repair their faces from the same stock of sticking plaster.

Mat was a traveling tinker, middle aged, jovial, ugly, a fine drinker, a good singer, and, as Tim said, "a dhivil of a poet." Tim was an odd job character—an auction porter and a speculator in small lots. Mat was a widower. Tim had an extensive wife and a scattered family.

At the entrance to the court was a sort of half shop, half shed, with a big room behind and a small one above, where Widow Moloney lived and carried on her business, which consisted in the purchase and sale of anything from an old bedstead to a coverless dictionary and from a broken candlestick to an indistinct oil painting. Her husband had been an attendant at sales and a broker in a humble way.

After the inquest on him—now some 18 months ago—Mrs. Moloney continued the concern. She found it unnecessary to go to auctions, as Tim and others brought their purchases to her, and she had a tolerably ready means of buying and selling, not merely to add from her neighbors, but also, being well known, among the inhabitants generally in a small way.

She was about 40 and weighed 18 stone. A big shawl was always crossed over her opulent bosom and knotted behind. She had a bright eye, a ready tongue, a heavy fist and a strong head.

Mat was deeply enamored of this gentle lady. Of course Tim was in his confidence, and many an untruthful word in praise of Mat did he drop, as if by accident, in her hearing, and many an unveracious account of his broken heartedness on her account did he sighingly narrate, with the addition of his own private opinion that Mat was dying or would kill himself for love of her. Tim was as loyal a friend as a sober though truthful knight of old.

"Tim," said Mat on the eve of Widow Moloney's birthday, "I want yez to give her this birthday card from me. It's a great red heart, with a skewer sticking in it. That riprisints moine—the heart, I mane. The skewer"——

"It's an arrow, Mat—that's what they do be calling it."

"Well, Tim, an there's a good Irish sound about that same. They can't do without us anyway, you see."

"Sorra a bit, an you want me to be afther giving her that?"

"Yes; I've improved it. I've made it stiff with red lead an put in a few dhrops, as if it was the blood of me heart that was flowing for her, an she's so scornful of me sufferings."

"It's illigant" said Tim, with great admiration.

"An see here, now. I've written some varses to her to the tune of 'O'Shaughnessy's Hat.' Bedad, an they rowl as swately as a jig an as deludhering as the craythur."

He sang them over in his rich voice and delicious brogue, and Tim got excited and promised his most devoted aid. Then they went to the Cobwebs and in due course were violently ejected, had a tussle with some strangers about something of which they had no particular notion or recollection, lost each other and finally got home somehow, though separately.

Next morning they arose with unclouded and unaching brows, and Tim started on his mission. Mat waited at the Cobwebs for his return.

Tim sat down on a cold doorstep and reflected.

"Take her a dhirty, painted, twopenny piece of paper with a red lead heart on it! Bedad an begorra an I won't! I'll do better than that, or my name's not Tim Brennan. Mat's a decent bhoy an a dhivil of a poet, but widdies is practical. It takes the likes of me to understand the likes of them."

Within 10 minutes after this soliloquy he was seated in Mrs. Moloney's disordered and unventilated room.

"There it is, Mrs. Moloney, dear, an it must go to the heart of yez to rade the hidden m'aning," said he as he pointed to a large, healthy looking pig's fry on the table and a bottle of whisky which was standing beside it. He had suppressed the paper missive as poor, artificial and inexpressive, and out of his devoted friendship and slender purse had bought the "pluck" and the spirits which he presented in Mat's name.

"It's an emblim, honey," continued he. "Here's his heart, in a manner of sp'aking, at your fate—on your dish, I mane. The liver shows that he can't live without yez; the lights, that you're the light of his eyes, an that he longs for yez with every breath, an the flare, that there'll be all the fat in the fire an the very dhivil to pay if ye're unkind to him an refuse him. It's an imblim, my dear—a delicate poetical imblim, bedad!"

"It's beautiful!" said Mrs. Moloney, profoundly touched, as she uncorked the bottle and filled up two large port glasses. Then she added: "An I'll cook it. Tell him to come tonight an help ate it. An come you, too, Tim, and Misthriss Brennan."

So it was all understood.

Tim had, like most of his countrymen, the feelings of a gentleman and the tact of a courtier. That was why he and his wife arrived designedly late, having sent a message that supper was not to wait.

Had they come sooner a slight incident might have been avoided, though possibly it all happened for the best.

For, leaving the tete-a-tete meal and the conversations to be imagined by the reader, the crumpled rose leaf arose in this way. Mat had lit his pipe and had asked the widow how she liked the card and the verses.

She laughed and replied that she didn't know about the verses, except those he had been talking for the last hour; but, as for the card, he ought to know, for he had eaten the half of it.

Upon this, Mat had jumped off his chair and exclaimed: "Then it's a dead man I am, an it's a wake I'll be afther attending, an not a wedding! I thought there was a quare taste about that piece of frizzled fat."

"What does the crature be m'aning at all?" cried she in surprise.

"It's poisoned I am. That heart was all over red lead," said he, falling back into his seat.

"Poisoned, you black hearted villain?" screamed Mrs. Moloney. "Then take that!" and she broke a jug on his head.

It was at this point that the Brennans arrived. Tim promptly knocked Mat down, and then he naturally became curious to know what the ambiguity was about.

"He's poisoned me!" said she between a shriek and a sob.

Tim seized Mat and threw him on an incomplete but unmatched dinner service, part of Mrs. Moloney's stock, which stood in a corner on the floor.

The widow, hearing the crash, smashed a chair on Tim's back, whereupon Mrs. Brennan took her by the hair, and the two women fell into some miscellaneous lots in another corner. Then the neighbors came in and took indiscriminate sides, and matters generally hummed for a short time.

Eventually Tim got an inkling of the difficulty, told them to be quiet and narrated all the circumstances, to the great relief, joy and amusement of all the parties.

A pailful of water and a yard or two of sticking plaster, with a few pins for the women, quickly set things smooth and smiling. Mrs. Moloney made them all welcome, and soon liberal supplies of whisky, porter and tobacco were formulated. Additional candles were lit, illuminating fitfully the front shop, whose contents seemed the embodiment of the confused thoughts of the guests—tables stacked with their legs in the air, cane chairs hanging on the walls, blank gaseliers suspended from the ceiling, while a lighted lamp stood on the floor to prevent stumbling into the business portion of the establishment, and all went merrily. Mrs. Moloney for one brief ecstatic moment sat on Mat's knee, but they were severally picked up and revived, though the chair was pulverized, and Mat sang the "varses" which Tim had produced from his pocket along with the card.

Tim had applauded, wept and gone to sleep in the middle of the song, but the approval which greeted its conclusion, composed as it was of shouts, shrieks, knockings, tears and a free fight in the southeastern corner, effectually woke him.

Somehow after a confused interval of health drinking, recrimination and embracings the party found itself adjourned.

Mat and the widow are to be married so soon as the necessary formalities can be arranged.—Million.

This year, "Peter's Pence" collection in Ireland was greater than in any year since the yearly collection of the Pope was established.

Divorce.

The blue book on marriage and divorce is said to contain singular facts, which may be regarded, however, as touchstones of civilization. In Russia, for instance, people may not wed a fourth time nor after they are 80 years old. In France the wife whose husband objects seriously to her going on the stage makes herself liable to divorce by persisting in her artistic desire. In Germany and Roumania "insuperable aversion" is enough. But in Portugal civilization touches the high water mark. There if a wife publishes literary works without the husband's consent the law frees him at once.—Atlanta Constitution.

It is reported in New York that Cardinal Taschereau has resigned the archbishopric of Quebec, owing to failing health.

A MOTHER'S HEART.

Within her heart she keeps a place
Wherein is chiseled his pure face
As first she knew it long ago,
When life and soul were white as snow.

Unminding what the world doth say,
Alone she goes her weary way,
And he whose path is rough and wild
Still is to her pure as a child.
—Minneapolis Housekeeper.

RACE TO DEATH.

There is never any lack of beauty in Dublin ballrooms, and that year I cannot help thinking that there was more than the usual proportion of attraction. But of all the girls who compelled devotion there was nobody quite so charming as Mary Macartney. When she was presented at the castle, the lord lieutenant administered his official kiss with peculiar unction and was afterward heard to say that if his duties were always as pleasant he could bear a very frequent repetition of them. The vice regal opinion was very cordially re-echoed by everybody, and wherever Mary went her progress was a scene of triumph. The Two Hundredth was devoted to her to a man. One dance in an evening was a thing to be proud of, and if she deigned to give any fortunate man two he was at once placed upon a pinnacle of social superiority.

Finch and Seymour were her most devoted admirers and had it all their own way in her preference. I won't say affections, for I believe she could only have looked upon them as two editions of the same man, and they were so loyal to each other that they appeared to have the one special tendresse in common with their other properties.

The Two Hundredth was about to have its great function of the year—its regimental steeplechases. All the best of the animals that had gone through the hunting campaign were entered for the various events, and the mess table talk, which for months had run upon scent, find, finish and the casualties of the chase, turned to handicapping, weights and racing conditions.

Finch and Seymour now, as on other occasions, took a foremost place. Each of them owned horses rather above the average in quality, and each had one entered for the regimental cup. As I said before, both of them were good performers in the pigskin, and it was more than probable that if they started Captain Seymour's Mousetrap (did I tell you that Seymour had just got his troop while Finch was senior subaltern?) and Mr. Finch's Sorcerer would start as equal favorites. The two friends did all their training and galloping together, and I believe that, though each intended to ride his horse out and do his best, they did not much care how they would be placed at the finish, so long as one was first and the other second.

Of course we expected all our friends to come to our race meeting and made plentiful provision for their entertainment. Given the officers of a cavalry regiment bent on making holiday; add tents, luncheon, band and a fine spring day, and you form a series of attractions which will collect people from far and near, especially in Ireland. When the day of the meeting came, it was all that could be wished. There was a bright sun and a soft wind, and there had been just a sufficient sprinkling of rain overnight to lay the dust and make the drive to the course delightful, while the few light clouds in the horizon were not discouraging enough to prevent our fair friends from putting on their freshest and prettiest toilets. Coach after coach rattled over Carlisle bridge, each with a full load and each with a bit of muslin on the box; brakes, carriages and cars innumerable, the jarveys doing honor to the occasions by volleys of chaff, and many adornments on their light hearted selves and their apparently equally gay and light hearted, well bred nags. The race course was about eight miles from the city in the Howth direction, and if the day were to have no other pleasure the drive down, with occasional glimpses of the beautiful bay of Dublin, celebrated in song, was enough of enjoyment for any one.

We arrived at the scene of action, and the business of the day commenced. The subalterns' cup was the first event, and, I must say, the boys did credit to the old Two Hundredth. The senior subalterns were lying by for the regimental cup, and the juniors had the race to themselves. It was won by young Molesworth, whose round shoulders and unconquerably ugly seat had caused much conflict of opinion between him and the old riding master, but who now showed that if he were not destined to shine in the menage he had at any rate indisputable nerve and enough seat and hands to take him over a difficult country. He afterward became one of our best men on a horse and won equestrian honors in many ticklish places. Then came an hour's interval for lunch, but of course those who were going to ride had to put the muzzle on. I just looked into the tent before going to weigh and saw Mary Macartney, looking as sweet as ever. Seymour and Finch were both with her, and she was wishing them good luck in their gallop. As they left her safely in the colonel's charge I heard her say: "Now, mind, I expect you two to beat everybody else, and I shall be particularly nice to the one who wins. I may even give him two dances at the castle ball tomorrow night."

The Two Hundredth were pretty businesslike in matters of sport, and there was none of the fuss and delay in the weighing room that too often marks the doings of amateur jockeys. Punctual to time, the starters filed out of the paddock. I think there were eight of us. Seymour's colors were rose and black cap and Finch's blue and red sash. Mousetrap and Sorcerer were a long way the best of the runnners to look at. Mousetrap was a big, bony bay horse, with rather a slack neck, but the best of shoulders, tremendous jumping power and a great turn of speed. He required a workman to ride him, as his temper was easily ruffled, but in Seymour's hands he generally went like a lamb.

Sorcerer was one of those exceptional horses that can take a turn at anything. He had gone through training in the riding school, and on occasions was the best of chargers. He was so good looking that when he had a military kit on there was no horse in the regiment that looked more showy than he did, but the white hairs on his chestnut coat and the silvery locks in his tail showed the blood of old Warlock, and he had a large share of the pace, cleverness and staying power that marked his great ancestor. As we rode down the course I could hear the few bookies who were present in the ring reckoning up the chances of the field in stentorian cries of "5 to 1, bar two." I was riding a confidential old hunter which was warranted to stand up over the country, but I had only entered him to make up the race, and unless most of the others came to grief I had not the smallest chance to be heard of at the finish. There is not much difficulty in starting a steeplechase, and we all got away very well. We negotiated the first three or four fences without any casualties, but then we began to thin out a little. Fortescue's hard mouthed old jade went outside the flag at the first turn, and he did not manage to stop her till she had gone half a mile toward Dublin. Wilson and Mackworth fell at the water jump, to the unconcealed satisfaction of the crowd which had collected there, and there were only five of us left. Jacky Thompson was leading. Seymour and Finch were riding side by side, evidently intending to wait till we were nearer home and then come to the front and finish together. About a length behind them was Percy, and I brought up the rear. There was a long stretch of grass rather down hill on the farther side of the course from the stand, and here we began to put on the pace. Percy evidently thought it was now or never, and that if he allowed himself to get too far behind he would not be able to push forward again, so he made a determined effort and shot past Seymour and Finch. I think old Mousetrap's temper must have been upset by seeing a horse passing so close. I saw him shake his head and try to get away from Seymour.

The next fence was a bank, with a ditch on the taking off side. It was nothing of a place really, but only required a little care. Thompson got over cleverly, and Percy's horse took the whole in his stride. Then came Seymour, who had hardly steadied Mousetrap, but even so the horse ought not to have made a mistake. Perhaps he was flurried, or there may have been a stump sticking up where a bush had been cut away. I don't know how it happened, but the horse hit something, lost his feet and fell on the bank. Seymour was all right and got clear at once, slipping back into the ditch. I told you Finch had been alongside of Seymour, and he was close behind him at the fence. Sorcerer jumped it beautifully; but, to my horror, as he was kicking back at the bank I saw the hoof on his off hind foot strike the head of Seymour, who fell down. Even amid the rattle of the horses it seemed to me that I could hear the dull crash of broken bone, and I was sure that a terrible accident had happened. So sure was I that, though one does not often pull up in a race, I stopped my horse, which indeed had not now the smallest chance, dismounted and ran to pick up Seymour. Poor fellow! I had not been mistaken and could almost trace the print of the cruel horseshoe on the back of his head. He was nearly senseless and just muttered "Cold, cold!" A small crowd had begun to collect, and I borrowed a couple of frieze coats from two sympathizing countrymen, trying with them to cover my poor friend, and laid him in as easy a position as possible. The race glasses at the stand had seen that something serious had happened, and our good old surgeon, Macpherson, came up on a trooper which he had taken from one of our men who was keeping the ground. When he had examined the injury, his kind face fell as he said: "I fear the base of the skull is fractured. If so, it is only a question of hours." Fortunately the accident had happened near the road, and a carriage was quickly procured, in which Seymour was placed and taken away by Macpherson.

When I came back to the stand, I found that Finch had won the race easily and was still quite unconscious that his friend was hurt. I did not tell him the particulars, but only said that it had been thought better to take Seymour back to Dublin. He pulled a wrapper over his racing jacket, jumped on a hack and started at a gallop in pursuit. Immediately afterward I met Mary Macartney. She had a very white face and tears in her deep violet eyes as she besought me to tell her if the accident had been dangerous. I made the best of things, but she, I think, divined the sad truth and made her mother take her home. There was a heavy cloud over everybody for the rest of the day, and though we got through all the races on the card there was little spirit in anything, and we were glad when we were able to break up. There was little chaff or fun on the drive home.

We had a miserable time of alternate hopes and fears about our comrade, but in three days all was over. Finch was inconsolable, though fortunately neither he nor any one else at the time knew that he had been the cause of Seymour's death. It was always supposed that Mousetrap had kicked his master in his struggles to recover himself when he fell. I have never told the real story till tonight, and you will not let it go further. Sir Thomas Finch is a great swell now, but I don't think he would learn without deep pain that, however innocently, he was the cause of the death vacancy by which he got the troop that gave him the first start in his successful career.

What became of Mary Macartney? Oh, she is Lady Finch, and, 'pon my soul, I think she is still as beautiful and charming as ever.—Pall Mall Magazine.

Father Beauclerk, S. J., in a public address, said that at one time Mr. Gladstone was very near the Catholic church, and that he might yet become a Catholic.

The King of Portugal has ordered by a decree, signed by all the Ministers, that the centenary of St. Anthony of Padua be a national feast.

THE PIN OAK SCHOOL.

Thar's a leetle bit uv a schoolhouse
'At I kain't somehow forgit
'Way down below on the Pickayune,
'N I wisht we'd staid thar yit.
'Twas sot on a slantin hillside
On the rocks 'n the gravel sands.
Thar warn't no sawt uv a do'step,
So they pulled us up by the hands.

Jes' pulled up the little shavers,
Them as hed come ter school,
'N I low hit's strange—uv the fo'ty-seven
Only one turned out a fool.
The master was a lord er a earl,
'Th a head above any man's—
Mebbe a joke, 'f he warn't no count—
'N he pulled us up by the hands.

'Twas him 'at opened the do' uv sense,
Er sawt uv set it ajar,
'N we made friends 'ith a heap uv things,
From a natom to er star.
On ekal tarms 'ith a katydid
As 'ith O'Ryan's bands,
Down at the little Pin Oak school,
Whur they pulled us up by the hands.

Sence them old days we's stutied some—
Man, plants 'n animules,
Been round them univarsities
'N kind uv g'yarding schools.
Sailed clur acrost the continents
'N inter furrin lands,
But 't beats em all down the Pickayune,
Whur they pulled 'em up by the hands.

We fetched f'm that thar Pin Oak school,
We larnt mo' in er day—
Thanks, jes' so, "all 't we ever larnt,"
I 'low that's 'bout the way.
Though 't sawt uv shades t' iurny,
Nary one but onderstands,
Fer they ain't much larnt beyent the aige
Whur they pulls 'em up by the hands.
—Agnes E. Mitchell in Chicago Record.

A MIRROR VISION.

The hostess, an elegantly dressed lady of 60, with abundant white hair puffed above eyes still black and bright with a fire that must once have kindled a flame in many a heart, caught the ball of conversation as it came her way.

"In my youth we never heard of this thing you call mental telegraph, theosophy and the like, but every now and then there took place, as now, occurrences which puzzled the thoughtful, though they had no name to give the phenomena. But, like most young girls, I was skeptical of all that was not directly natural when I thought of it at all, which was not often, until I had the experience I am going to tell you of, which was so strange that it upset me for some weeks, which agitation came not so much from the real shock and fright that I suffered as from the mysterious circumstances that attended it.

"My own home was a country place some 15 miles from a large city, where I had several families of relatives whom I visited once or twice a year or whenever there was to be given any ball or opera or festivity of sufficient importance for me to desire to attend it. I was just 17 when a royal personage from Europe came across the pond to get a peep at the Yankees, and though democratic to the point of being rabid every manly head was uncovered in the country, every manly throat ached with cheering this personage, and every feminine heart beat high with the hope of having the royal eye rest for a moment upon the new gown which was to be had at all hazards if the family dined on potatoes alone for a year to come.

"There were to be a series of entertainments given in honor of his highness, and I, like all the rest of the world, must attend in all the finery my father's ample means allowed me. From my mother's side of the family I had inherited some very fine diamonds, amounting in value to over $10,000, and even a great deal more in those days, when these gems were not so common, and on this occasion I teased my father to let me wear them.

"I had no mother to tell me that such rich jewelry was not in the best of taste on one so young and an unmarried woman, so when I started for the city I carried the diamonds with me. But my maid was an elderly woman, who had also been my nurse since my motherless babyhood, and the jewels were in her care. Unfortunately, however, Marian fell ill the day after I left home, and being confined to her bed I was dependent on my aunt's maid for services in my dressing, etc. In order to lighten this woman's duties, which were heavy, as my cousins also frequently required her aid as hairdresser and seamstress, I looked after my clothes and waited on myself as much as possible, performing such acts of my toilet as I could.

"It thus happened that one night, after returning from a reception at the house of a foreign consul, I disrobed myself of my trained evening dress, and slipping on a loose sack sat down to brush my hair before retiring. My seat was just in front of a large glass above my dresser, or what was then called a 'bureau,' on which I had placed the jewelry I had worn—the diamonds I have spoken of.

"As I plied the brush my eyes naturally fell on this mirror, which reflected the room behind me, and as I continued to look I saw evolving itself apparently from empty air the figure of a man. He was well dressed, even stylishly, and was after a fashion handsome, but deathly pale, and his eyes glittered feverishly.

"He crept nearer and nearer to me, seeming to look only at the diamonds loosely strewn upon the marble before me, but his right hand was thrust into his breast, and as he stood over me he suddenly jerked it out and raised high above me a small Spanish dagger, the hilt of which was of a dead gold, or Etruscan gold, as it is called. This was set with rubies, which I noticed with that peculiar attention to trifles so often displayed in moments of danger. Up to this point I had been too terrified to call out or even to move, not even turning my head to look around me, but watching the movements of the assassin as they were reflected in the mirror. But as he brought down his hand with a swift, murderous motion to strike me from my chair with a single blow the spell that had held me snapped, and I sprang to my feet with a shriek of terror and rushed to the door.

"Even as I ran I wondered at not encountering the man, but though I could not remember afterward seeing him at all I did not stay, but unlocking the door flung it open, still screaming as fast as the sounds could issue from my lips. It happened that two of my young men cousins had lingered later than the rest of the family at the entertainment referred to, and having just come in were coming up the main staircase close to my room. Rushing to these, I threw myself into the arms of the nearest, Christopher, shrieking, 'The man, the man!'

"The two young men hurried to my room and looked about, but could see no one. The windows were all fastened, and as I had myself just come out of the single door to the apartment, and from which no one else could have slipped without our seeing him, the only chance was for the burglar to have concealed himself in the room.

"By this time the rest of the household was aroused, and not only my room, but the entire place, was thoroughly searched. The three windows of the room were provided with heavy old fashioned shutters, two of them opening on the street, an unbroken descent of over 40 feet, while the other had not been unclosed for years, for it looked almost into one in the next house, which was also seen to be tightly secured. The house itself was occupied by a respectable family in straitened circumstances. It therefore seemed an impossibility for a man to have entered the room unseen by me and to have made his escape in the few seconds it took my cousins to reach the spot where I had seen him. So it was thought that I had fallen asleep in my chair, and my vision had been the result of my late supper of minced chicken and champagne, and though I was still shivering from my fright I allowed myself to be almost persuaded that this was the real truth.

"By the next night I had so thoroughly been laughed into believing this that I took my seat before the mirror and began brushing my hair as nonchalantly as at first, when to my utter horror I saw that figure form itself from nothing, absolutely nothing, and again advance upon me with that menacing attitude. Again it raised its hands to strike, the terrible eyes seemed to glare into mine, fixed on them in the mirror, and, as before, released from the horror that held me stricken into marble, I leaped to my feet and ran screaming into the corridor without. I glanced back into the room, but there was no one visible there, but I was not to be convinced this time that an overheated imagination was to blame. I fled to my aunt's door, and as she opened it fell fainting in her arms. I was not to be stirred from my belief that my life had been threatened in that dreadful room by all the searchng and arguments that were made and announced my intention of returning home in the morning.

"But the next night was to be that of the grand ball given in honor of the prince, and that, with the fact that I had the prettiest gown in the city to wear, finally prevailed on me to alter my mind, though I made it a condition that Marian, my maid, was to occupy a little antechamber opening into mine, and that my stalwart cousin, Christopher, who was afterward my loved husband for nearly 40 years, was to sleep on a cot in the hall just outside my door. So with a contented mind I went to the ball, returning late to find my good maid asleep, and as she was still not well I crept quietly in and proceeded to undress.

"I let down my hair, and, though too fatigued, as usual, to brush it, sat for some moments looking at myself in the glass—I was a little vain in those days—when all at once I saw behind me the man with his knife in his hand.

"But this time he did not evolve from air, but was there, real flesh and blood, his hot breath nearly scorching the back of my neck. I leaped to my feet with a scream, and as I did so he struck at me, but the blade glanced aside, wounding me only slightly in the shoulder. I screamed aloud, and he felled me with a blow just as Marian and Christopher came rushing in. Seeing them, the robber and assassin sprang for the open window and would have escaped by leaping—an easy feat for a muscular man—in the window of the house next door, which was also open and only about three feet distant. This had evidently been the way by which he had entered and which he used as an egress. But Christopher caught him and dragged him back, and after a struggle secured him, aided by his brothers, who had been summoned by Marian, so when I opened my eyes from my swoon it was to see the would be murderer lying bound, while near me lay a small dagger, with a handle of Etruscan gold, studded with flawed rubies.

"But here is the strange part of the story: On the night of his capture he had entered my room for the first time, though on the two previous nights he had watched me through the shutters of the two windows. He was the son of the family residing next door, and from the love of dress and pleasure beyond his means had involved himself hopelessly in debt, and seeing my diamonds had conceived the idea of killing or at least silencing me and stealing them to pay his debts. But though his mind had dwelt persistently on the scheme he had lacked courage to carry it out until the night of the ball, when, pressed by an importunate creditor, he had let himself into the room, where he had concealed himself until my arrival, not knowing of the protectors I had been warned to have near me."—Philadelphia Times.

Father Gmeiner, formerly of St. Francis' Seminary, in a long communication in the *Western Leader*, gives his reason for joining the Prohibition party.

Gambling In Calcutta.

Gambling on the next rain and its duration has become so great a vice in Calcutta that the government has been called on to suppress it. Clerks on the way to their offices stop at commission houses to place bets, and the women have been seized with the mania, so that they do not only pawn their own and borrowed jewels, but go further to procure money to gamble with. The bookmakers risk no money of their own and charge a small commission for handling the bets.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Rev. J. A. Mulcahy has been made Vicar-General of the diocese of Hartford, Conn., by Rt. Rev. Bishop Tiernan.

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

MAN MAY YET FLY.

Wonderful Birdlike Machine Constructed by Professor Lilienthal.

Can a man fly? Learned professors of the sciences of aeronautics agree that he cannot, and a formidable commission of experts appointed by the German government to investigate into the possibilities of aerial navigation have finally and decisively and officially said that it is impossible. Still an ingenious and observant German of the name of Otto Lilienthal, after a long series of experiments and in the face of the decisions of the eminent scientists, has succeeded in proving that a clever man can fly, and fly for considerable distances too.

Professor Lilienthal, like most men who have solved difficult problems, has gone clear away from the principles to which other men have found limitations. When he decided to fly, in other words, he left the possibilities afforded by the balloon entirely out of his calculations. Balloons, said he, are crude affairs, dangerous, not to be depended upon, nondirigible and clumsy. There is nothing in nature built upon the principle of the balloon, yet there are things in nature which can fly, and fly much better than the best balloons. Those things are birds. To the birds, then, I will go for the model of my flying machine. And to the birds he went.

From these same birds it was that Professor Lilienthal learned the true principles of aerial navigation, which principles he has succeeded to a degree in adapting to the uses of man. He first learned that it is the concave shape of a bird's wing that enables it to soar, rising or falling at will without muscular exertion in the teeth of a high wind. Then he learned that a bird's wing bones are constructed similarly to those in a man's arm. Knowing these things, he built his flying machine, or, to be more correct, his soaring machine. He made for himself of light but impervious cotton cloth and split willow wands two immense wings 23 feet from tip to tip, and a practicable if not highly ornamental rudder or tail.

He preserved in their construction as nearly as possible the form of a bird's wings and tail, increasing the parabolic curve of the bird's wings to the exact proportionate degree for his larger ones. These wings and the tail, weighing in all only 25 pounds, are so constructed as to fold up like the wings of a bat. Having completed them, the professor adjusted them to his arms, took a run along a hilltop and calmly and confidently jumped over the side, spreading his wings as he did so. He soared some distance and alighted in safety and comfort. He repeated his experiment many, many times, learning how to control his apparatus, how to change direction, how to rise or descend at will. He improved his wings and tail and kept on practicing until now he can soar for several hundred yards, rise to a much greater height than he started from and fulfill most of the functions of a big bird, save only that of propelling himself in still air and starting his flight from level ground. These two things a man is not strong enough to do, the bird possessing much greater strength for its size and weight than the most muscular man. But what Professor Lilienthal lacks in strength he has made up in ingenuity, for he has now constructed a little motor, operated by carbonic acid gas, which, while it adds scarcely anything to the weight of his flying apparatus, is capable of developing continuously two horsepower, or more than enough energy to work the wings. Indeed in the first trial the little motor developed too much strength and broke the wings, putting a stop to further experiments for the time.

If Professor Lilienthal succeeds in perfecting the great invention, the practicability of which he has already demonstrated, and in making aerial navigation on the simple principles favored by the birds safe for mankind, he will have achieved a notable triumph over the wonderful forces of nature as well as the world's greatest scientists. And he seems very likely to succeed, unless he should grow careless in handling his experimental wings and perchance fall victim to the awful fate which overtook the lamented and legendary Icarus, the first man who attempted to fly.—Chicago Times.

THE BALLOON CYCLE.

The Latest French Army Means of Carrying War Dispatches.

There floated over the hamlet of Villeneuve la Garenne the other afternoon in midair a balloon. Suddenly it appeared to burst and fell rapidly toward the earth. Fearing that a disaster had occurred, the terrified folk ran to the spot at which they expected the aerostat would reach the ground, when to their amazement they saw a parachute detach itself from the car and descend gently. Immediately the earth was touched one of the passengers jumped upon a small bicycle which he had brought with him from the aerial regions, and he disappeared in the direction of Levallois, in the neighborhood of Paris, as rapidly as the machine could carry him.

The explanation of this singular occurrence is simple. The balloon was the Caliban, and the ascent was made from Levallois by Captain Capazza and M. Hervieu, the latter being the cyclist. Their object was to test the possibility of a balloon being used for carrying war dispatches, and they assumed that an enemy succeeded in destroying it. Yet they proved that by means of the parachute they would be able to make good their escape and to outdistance their pursuers with the aid of the portable bicycle.—London Telegraph.

Boat Propelled by a Turbine Wheel.

Several trials have been made on the Elbe with a boat propelled not by the ordinary screw, which replaced the paddle wheel, but by means of a turbine wheel. The inventor, Herr Zenner, states that a much greater speed can be obtained than with the screw, because the friction is much less. Three boats have already been constructed on this pattern.—Westminster Gazette.

Of every man and woman living today at the age of twenty-five, one out [illegible] to the

STRANGELY SAVED FROM DEATH.

A Dramatic Prevention of Assassination In a Gambling House.

A crowd of people witnessed a singular scene here the other night, in which a man's life was saved after as novel a fashion as ever any writer of fiction has evolved. Rafe Shaffer, a well known sporting man, was seated in a gambling saloon talking to a friend, who had only lately come here from the east. Shaffer was telling his companion of a quarrel that he had with another man about town, whom he suspected of being about to make an attempt on his life.

As he was speaking the eastern man suddenly interrupted him with the question, "Say, Shaffer, do you remember your old business as a telegraph operator?"

Shaffer, who, it seems, had followed this trade before going west, looked surprised, but answered that he did.

"Well, you know, it's a very easy thing forgotten. Now, I will bet you can't tell me what I am going to tick out here on this table."

The eastern man then took a pencil from his pocket and began to tick off a message which, as he finished, caused Shaffer to spring hastily from his seat, drawing, as he did so, a revolver from his pocket, which he thrust almost in the face of a man who had been standing in the door of the saloon, and who had just covered him with his pistol. The two men glared at each other, and then Shaffer said calmly:

"Better put up your weapon, Smith, unless you want to shoot it out with me here. I have got the drop on you as much as you on me."

Smith hesitated and then replied that he would put up his pistol if Shaffer would and consented to leave the question between them to the arbitration of mutual friends. Shaffer agreed to the arbitration plan, as it seems both men had their reasons for not letting the cause of the bad blood between them be known to the public. Smith then left, and Shaffer thanked his quick witted friend for the services he had rendered him. The message the eastern man had rapped out was as follows:

"If your enemy is a dark complexioned man, with a hooked nose and a scar on the left cheek, he has just entered the saloon and has his hand on his pistol pocket. If you fear treachery from him, move quickly, or he'll have the drop on you. I am unarmed, so that I cannot draw for you. Draw now, as he has his pistol out, and unless you are as quick as lightning he will have you."

Shaffer's keen ear caught the words, and he acted at once on them, as has been shown. His wheeling so suddenly about on Smith took that gentleman so by surprise that he was compelled to back down.—Hastings (Neb.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.

COST HIM A HAND.

A Philadelphia Man's Invention Blew Up, and He Is Maimed For Life.

For a long time Pierson M. Stackhouse, a conveyancer, has been experimenting with a fire extinguishing chemical. It is probable that he will give up his idea of revolutionizing such compounds, if not altogether, for a time at least, because disaster overtook him with one terrific swoop yesterday afternoon.

Stackhouse believed that he solved the problem he had so long studied over, and yesterday afternoon he started out from his house, 2446 North Tenth street, to make a test. He strapped the cylinder to his back and carried the section of rubber hose in his left hand. His family stood at the door, and a friend, who had aided him in his experiments, walked close beside him. The inventor intended to see how far the chemical would be thrown, and he fearlessly reached up with his right hand to turn on the stopcock at the top of the cylinder in order to set the chemical to work.

At that instant there came a terrific explosion, which scared the wits nearly out of residents of the whole neighborhood. Windows rattled ominously, and crockeryware was demolished in some of the closets of nearby houses. Women and children, with blanched faces, rushed from their homes in terror, thinking that an earthquake or worse had come.

Stackhouse was thrown violently to the sidewalk. The top of the cylinder had blown off, and his right hand hung by a few shreds from his wrist. He lay unconscious on the sidewalk as his wife ran shrieking out to him, and a crowd quickly collected to see what the explosion meant. The inventor was taken to the Episcopal hospital, where it was necessary to amputate the shattered hand at the wrist.—Philadelphia Record.

Piety and Politics.

No one who has visited the south can escape the impression that a deep revolution in opinion is at work there. For several years it has been their habit to hold modest, unheralded meetings, mainly in the rural districts, sometimes weekly, sometimes monthly. They are usually opened with prayer, and it is not unusual after harvest time for the planters to maintain camp meetings a week together. Speaking begins between 9 and 10 in the morning, and the slow declining sun is still a spectator to these intense congregations. There is even a fine illumining vein of religious fervor in it all. The opening prayer, the political song set to church music, the two hour harangue at a stretch, the patriotic cheers, like strains from a new anthem—these are not the committee bought demonstrations of common campaigns. It is a rising of the people, and in due time the newspapers will make a discovery, for they will hear these people sing, and after that the ballot.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Death Stretched Him.

When John Edward Kelly's illness made him take to his bed at his home in Lambertville, N. J., for the last time six weeks ago, the lad was 5 feet in height and very fleshy. When he died on Friday last, he had fallen away to a skeleton, but the undertaker found that his stature was 6 feet 2 inches.

The death is announced of Rev. Lord Charles Thyme, brother of the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch and father of [illegible]

WATCH THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK FOR OUR UNPARALLELED TRIPLE PREMIUM OFFER THIS WILL BE THE GRANDEST OFFER EVER MADE BY A CATHOLIC PAPER

ROYALTY AND THE LAW.

The Queen of England and Her Son as Candidates For the Criminal Dock.

The bazaar in aid of the fund for rebuilding the Crathie church, near Balmoral, was held under the patronage of the queen, who also gave two plaited straw baskets made by her own royal hands. These precious presents were naturally made much of, and with the queen's approval were disposed of by a raffle, although the gaming laws distinctly specify raffling as illegal. The question arises, Has her majesty, by aiding and abetting it, made herself liable to prosecution before a magistrate? Lawyers have no doubt about it, but it does not follow that the law will be set in motion. The British constitution would scarcely survive the shock of the spectacle of the empress-queen in a criminal dock and possibly fined 40 shillings or a month at hard labor.

But while nobody is disposed to take action against the queen for conniving at a mild form of gambling plenty of people would not be sorry to see her son, lieutenant general, his royal highness the Duke of Connaught, tried by court martial for risking the lives of the men under his command. The duke is commander in chief of the Aldershot district. On Wednesday he and his wife went to the military balloon ground in order to christen a new balloon to be named after the duchess. The weather had been threatening thunderstorms, and the atmosphere was heavily charged with electricity. Nevertheless it would never do to disappoint the duchess. So, just as the storm was about to break, the balloon was sent up 300 feet and anchored by a steel rope held by three sappers. The result, as might have been expected, was that the lightning struck the balloon, rushed down the steel conductor and horribly mangled the unfortunate sappers. The question every one asked is why the ceremony was not postponed, seeing that danger was palpable to the meanest understanding. The demand for a court martial is very general and will probably be acceded to, but it may be safely predicted that the prisoner will not be the general commanding, but some inferior officer.—London Cor. New York Sun.

BLASTING THE PALISADES.

Contractors Destroying Their Beauty to Get Out Granite Blocks.

Until comparatively recently the Palisades escaped the ruthless hands of contractors and quarrymen, despite the fact that there are few spots in the country where richer deposits of granite are to be found. A few quarries within the last five years have sprung up at Fort Lee, but they have all been located away back from the Palisades, and the front of these beautiful hills have been unmolested. Now, however, a firm of contractors, by exploding dynamite, 3,000 pounds at a time, is gradually making huge excavations in front of the Palisades, which will in the course of a very few months transform the historic Palisades from things of beauty to ordinary stone quarries.

Nothing that the lovers of natural scenery can do will in any way stop the destructive work from going on. The Palisades are private property, and that part of them which is at present being torn open by high explosives has been leased by the owners to contractors, whose love of the beautiful pales into insignificance beside their business instinct.

Aside from the destruction of the Palisades, the work going on in the quarries at Fort Lee is of moment on account of the enormous amount of dynamite which is being exploded there. People marveled at the explosion of 500 pounds of dynamite in a projectile thrown by a pneumatic gun at Sandy Hook some weeks ago. Six times that much was exploded at Fort Lee on Thursday at noon and again on Friday at the same hour, and although it was not thrown from a gun neither did it explode in the water, but in a solid bed of granite. The terrific force of these two explosions cannot be imagined by anybody who was not in Fort Lee to hear them, or who has not since visited the quarries to see their effect. The little village of Fort Lee shook as though an earthquake had visited it, and strangers in the place who were unaware that blasting was going on in the vicinity were firmly convinced that some convulsion of nature had occurred.—New York Sun.

The Fires Will Make Work For Many.

"What is the probable loss from the fire on pine stumpage throughout the state?" was asked of a leading logger.

"The loss is in one sense nominal," replied he. "You understand, fire does not burn the body of a pine tree. It only burns off the bark and foliage. The trunk of the burned tree is as good as ever it was, with this exception—the tree, after it is burned, must be cut the succeeding winter, else it will become worm eaten and worthless.

"This fire is a blessing in disguise to labor. Every owner of burned pine stumpage must go to work this coming winter and cut every foot of it, and many of these owners are forced to cut perhaps hundreds of millions of feet of stumpage they would not otherwise have cut for years to come. They are, you see, forced to employ immense crews of men they would not otherwise have had use for."—St. Paul Globe.

The Gracious Czar.

The czar has just issued his approval of the institution of dueling in the army. The commander in chief at Kiev, in issuing the new dueling code, says: "The czar has conferred upon us a new mark of his imperial grace in granting us the right to defend with arms in our hands that which is most precious to all of us—our honor. This gracious act on the part of his majesty makes it our duty, still more than heretofore, so to regulate our conduct and manners alike in official and social intercourse as to obviate all inimical misunderstandings and frivolous quarrels."—Moscow Letter.

The Sierra Nevada range of mountains in California is nearly 500 miles long, 70 wide, and from 7,000 to nearly 15,000 feet high.

"SASSIETY" AND VICE.

The Right and the Wrong Way of Keeping Scandals Out of the Newspapers.

It would be hard indeed if we could not get a laugh out of all these horrid scandals that sear society's face, and it has come at last—broad, hearty and irrepressible.

The good people of Newport—not the old Newporters, but the people who have followed in their train—are so incensed by the reports published about the misdoings of the Four Hundred that they have organized a Society For the Suppression of Newspaper Notoriety.

Dear, comical, old Elbridge T. Gerry is at the head of the new society, and it looks as if he would have time to attend to nothing else.

The purpose of the society is to prevent the publication in New York and Boston (other cities don't count) of matters that are purely personal to the Four Hundred and of no public interest.

If Mrs. Stevens' maid takes advantage of Mr. Tom Cushing's valet, that is legitimate news, and no objection will be made to its publication, but if Mrs. Stevens herself should cast sheep's eyes at Mr. Cushing, or if Mr. A. should compromise Mr. B.'s wife, or Mr. C. sue his wife for divorce, or Mrs. D. go wrong with a dude—these are matters that concern nobody but the culprits themselves and their most intimate friends.

No wonder the laugh is loud and long at these good people's expense.

Did it never occur to dear old Gerry and his younger friends on the social toboggan slide that a "Society For the Suppression of Vice In the Four Hundred" would cut at the very root of the evil of which they complain, whereas the step they are taking now can only trim off some of the topmost boughs?

There is without doubt a certain amount of reckless newspaper writing going on which every one abominates—and every one reads.

This writing keeps pace with the doings of the day. It is often inaccurate, vulgar and malicious; but, on the other hand, there is so much social evil doing that never finds its way into print at all that the score is pretty even up to date.

I could mention the names of hundreds of prominent New York and Boston families who have never had cause to complain of a single line or word printed to their derogation.

And why? Simply because they have never given the opportunity.

While not making a plea for the society reporter or the scandal loving editor I am sufficiently familiar with their methods to know that they would just as lief print good news of prominent people as bad news.

Bad news sells better than good news, of course. In times of war, tempest, famine, fire and flood the demand for newspapers doubles and trebles.

So it does in times of great social disaster.

The collapse of Duncan, Sherman & Co., the failure of Grant & Ward, the elopement of Herbert Pell and Mrs. Kate Kernochan, the divorce of Mr. and Mrs. Fernando Yznaga and the subsequent marriage of both, the Drayton scandal, the Vanderbilt imbroglio, the Gould fiasco—all these stirring incidents in social life, and thousands of others for which I haven't space, constitute the gossip of the day which is on every one's lips, and which can no more be kept out of the newspapers than a duck can be kept out of water or Ward McAllister out of print.

That is why I advise kind old Gerry and his pretty playmates to begin to trim ship before they yell that they are overpowered by water.

I cannot predict any success for the new society with the object of suppressing bad news about fashionable people.

Murder will out—so will adultery, drunkenness, cheating at cards, dishonorable indebtedness and all the other vices to which flesh is heir.

As I said before, a society that condemns publicity has only to ponder for a moment upon all it does that is not printed and be grateful on its marrow bones that such matters are still personal and have not yet become of public interest.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

AN INTERESTING SLAB.

It Marks the Boundary Between Mexico and the United States.

Under the direction of the boundary survey commission the old marble monument which since 1849 has marked the dividing line between the United States and Mexico at the coast has been brought to the city to be dressed up. For years that monument has been a point of interest and has been visited by thousands of citizens and strangers. Each has apparently felt that no one would believe he or she had been there if some portion of the slab were not carried away to be offered in evidence on all occasions.

The result has been that the marble has been chipped and defaced until its original form is almost lost. It is because of all this that the slab was brought to the city. To work out the effacements the surface would have to be worked down two inches. When redressed, the stone will again be placed in position, but this time it will be protected by a fence of steel pickets. The inclosure will be 12 feet square. The pickets will be 8 feet high, the tops sharply pointed and leaning inward, after the device of some rattraps, so that while it might be possible for an active person to climb in it would require a first class acrobat to climb out over those curving pickets. Besides this a new law makes it a penal offense to mutilate the monuments.

At Tia Juana a similar slab will be erected on the old brick foundation in National avenue, which has long been a landmark there. The Tia Juana monument will be of granite instead of marble, and it will be inclosed with steel pickets, like the one at the coast line.—San Diego Sun.

The German Catholic party stands firm in its resolution of having all laws of prosecution against religious orders repealed.